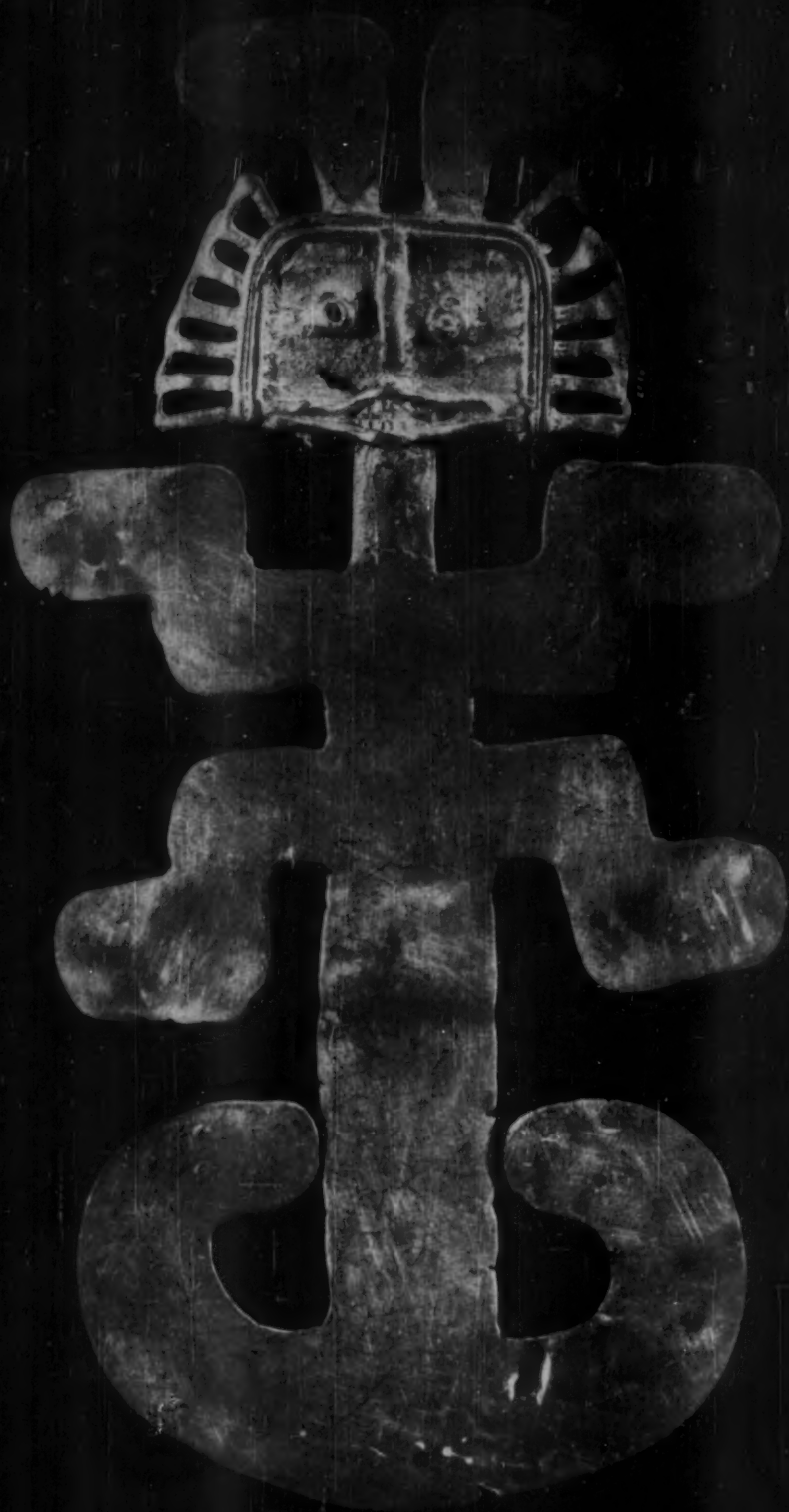


Américas

SEPTEMBER • 1950





Américas

published in English, Spanish, and Portuguese

Volume 2, Number 9

Contents for September 1950	2	TURRIALBA FARMS FOR TOMORROW	Scott Seegers
	6	PERSONALITY OF A HERO	Ricardo Rojas
	9	NEW ORLEANS INTERNATIONAL	Serge Fliegers and Alvaro Pérez
	12	GREEN GOLD IN YUCATAN	Robert Spiers Benjamin
	16	INCA FINISHING SCHOOL	Fernando Romero
	20	HOUSE OF HOPE	Irene Day
	24	O ALEJADINHO	Irene Diggs
	28	NINE THOUSAND MILES ON A BIKE (ACCENT ON YOUTH)	
	31	PEACE IN THE CARIBBEAN	
	32	POINTS OF VIEW	
	36	BOOKS	
		BOOK TRAFFIC IN THE CONQUEST	Muna Lee
		BORGES' WORLD OF FICTION	Roberto P. Payró
		THE IMPOSTORS	Rafael Heliodoro Valle
		RECENT PAU PUBLICATIONS	
	40	STAMPS	
	45	KNOW YOUR NEIGHBORS?	
	46	FOR YOUR RECORD LIBRARY	
	47	CONTRIBUTORS	
	47	GRAPHICS CREDITS	
	48	LETTERS TO THE EDITOR	

Published by: Pan American Union, General Secretariat of the Organization of American States,
Washington 6, D. C., U. S. A.
Alberto Lleras, Secretary General

Editor: Kathleen Walker

Associate Editors: George C. Compton
Roberto Esquenazi-Mayo
Armando de Sá Pires

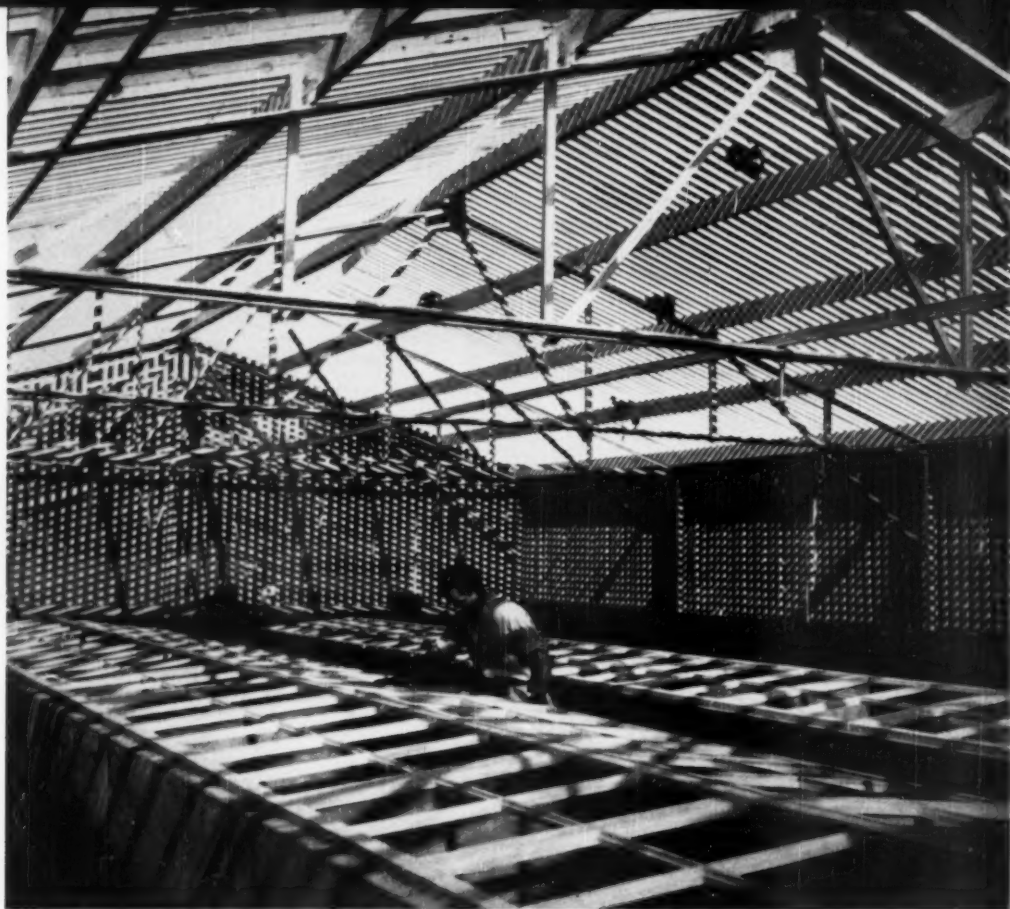
Assistant Editors: Mary A. Eades
Mary G. Reynolds
Benedicta Quirino dos Santos
Adolfo Solórzano Díaz
Betty Wilson

Layout and Typography: Presentation Incorporated

Cover: Young *turrialbeño* leads oxen down road near Inter-American Institute of Agricultural Sciences in Costa Rica (see page 2). Photograph by Scott Seegers

Subscription rate of AMÉRICAS: \$3.00 a year for the English, Spanish, and Portuguese editions in the United States and Canada. Add \$1.00 extra for postage to countries outside the Postal Union of the Americas and Spain. Single copies 25¢.

Opposite: Gold figure of Quimbaya culture, Colombia, probably represents crocodile-god. From Robert Woods Bliss collection, National Gallery of Art



Seeds are treated against disease and tested for germination in greenhouse at Turrialba's Inter-American Institute of Agricultural Sciences

Turrialba farms for tomorrow

Scott Seegers

IN A LUSH GREEN VALLEY about halfway down the Caribbean slope of Costa Rica, a handful of scientists with muddy shoes and a few dozen students are engaged in a quiet revolution designed to change the face of the Western Hemisphere.

There is nothing in this ambitious program to worry even the most rigid government, for the revolutionists' artillery consists of the DDT sprayer and the test tube, the microscope, the production chart, and the tractor. Built on the uncomplicated axiom that life is based on food supply—the better and more bountiful the food, the higher the standard of living—this revolution is directed not against governments, but against the ancient

enemies of food production: the leaf-cutting ant, cacao blights, rice rusts, mosquitoes, grasshoppers, hookworm, and ignorance.

The Inter-American Institute of Agricultural Sciences (mercifully shortened for everyday use to "the Institute at Turrialba" or just "Turrialba," after the pleasant little city near its property) was the first international cooperative effort to beat the bugs to the harvest.

Though it has been operating for only six years, it has already become a sort of post-graduate mecca for agriculturists from all over the world. It has set a pattern for other international agricultural efforts and solved serious crop problems in several countries. It has also baffled the prophets of chaos who saw only the hideous prospect of government red tape multiplied by the number of member countries. Actually, few official agencies spend such a small percentage of man-hours filling out forms. The relaxed attitude of "if this doesn't work, let's try that and see what happens" frees the working scientist from old shibboleths, and has lured to the Turrialba staff a number of top-notch men who might be earning higher salaries in more circumscribed posts.

The Institute was a long time a-borning. It got its first nudge into the world in 1940, at the Eighth Inter-American Scientific Congress in Washington. The Pan American Union was asked to look into the idea. A committee headed by El Salvador's Dr. Héctor David Castro brooded over it and announced its readiness to receive offers of sites for an experimental farm. Eleven countries responded. At the request of José Colom, PAU Agriculture Division Chief, the U. S. Department of Agriculture sent a three-man team to look over the sites offered.

The investigators decided in advance on a stiff list of requirements: easy accessibility from anywhere in the Americas; a complete range of agricultural conditions, from tropical to frigid, so that everybody's problems could get a fair test; a healthful climate, or no one would want to work there; a good supply of nearby labor. Finally, the attitude of the local inhabitants had to be one of general friendliness toward such an enterprise. In other words, no place on earth could

measure up to all these requirements, but Turrialba came closest.

The site was magnificent. It consisted of three thousand acres, mostly cane and coffee plantations expropriated from German owners in 1942. There was rolling land and level bottom land. There were hillsides too steep to grow anything but forest, and the spectacular gorge of the Reventazón River, raging three hundred perpendicular feet below the cliff where the administration building now stands. There was a mosquito-infested marsh of three or four acres. For real tropical rain-forest work, the United Fruit Company leased them 240 acres of virgin jungle at La Lola in the lowlands. A patch of uneasy earth ten thousand feet up the side of Irazú volcano provided cold weather and thin air for experiments with highland crops.

Now they had the land. All they had to do was clear the property, figure out what to plant, hire a staff, get



Student uses electric moisture tester to grade corn and determine necessary storage conditions

some members, and find out how to run an international agricultural enterprise. Also they needed money. This was where matters stood in 1942.

Prodded by Dr. Ralph Allee, a member of the three-man team that chose the site, the Coordinator of Inter-American Affairs came through with \$500,000 to start the project. Membership requirements were made simple and equitable: each member nation was to pay one dollar per thousand of population each year.

The first couple of years were spent in chopping brush, putting up the administration building and a few dwellings, and wondering how long it would take for the American nations to ratify the agreement and begin to use the establishment. Five ratified in 1944, and the Institute became a going concern. From the start, it concentrated on spreading useful knowledge to as many people as possible. Dr. H. Harold Hume of the Administrative Committee put this idea into basic English: "Until you do get those results [of agricultural experiments] across into the minds and hands of the people, you have done nothing."

Below: Dr. Ralph H. Allee (left), Institute Director, with Albert O. Rhoad, Department of Animal Industry chief



*Cow infested
with tropical
parasite nuche
(oxwart) is
sprayed with
insecticide*

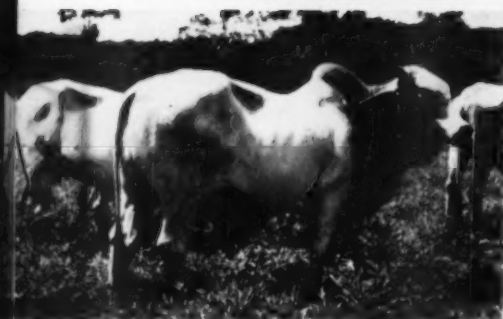


in their own countries. Cabinet ministers are chosen with no greater care than the 56 students now working at Turrialba. The first requisite is a bachelor's degree in agriculture, or its equivalent.

Most applicants are already at work in some practical phase of agriculture, either for government or for private industry. Application is generally made by the employer, on the theory that a good man will be made better by studying at the Institute. Most of the students hold partial scholarships, but, since facilities are limited, even those whose full expenses are borne by their employers are mercilessly screened.

The Institute's board of admission studies candidates' backgrounds and qualifications with a single question in mind: "What can we teach this man here?" If prospects look good, the applicant comes to Turrialba—but at this point he has only a foot in the door. If, for example, he is interested in plant breeding, he is turned over to one of the staff experts in Dr. Manuel Elgueta's department for a month's trial work. The expert, while continuing his own research projects, keeps an eye on the newcomer, helping him with suggestions whenever necessary.

Even if he gets through the month satisfactorily, his trial by fire is still ahead of him. He faces a long session with the advisory committee, made up of faculty members, talking about what he has been doing and what he hopes to do at the Institute, and answering questions about his projects. The discussion is carried on as a conversation among equals, but the student



*Brahman bull brought from Texas
for breeding stronger cattle*



Institute lands offer wide variety of growing conditions

Meanwhile, a three-point program had been worked out for the Institute. Its first job, the Administrative Committee decided, was to find out through research and experiment what could be done to produce more food. The second, to train graduate agriculture students of all the American countries in practical scientific methods they could use back home. The third, to see to it that everybody, from plantation owner down to field hand, was given a chance to use the Institute findings.

The Institute's approach to everything is as practical as an axe handle. For students, it picks people most likely to repay the Institute's time and attention by putting the methods learned at Turrialba into practice



*Lily pond was once
mosquito-ridden
marsh, makes
attractive setting
for Administration
Building*

*Finnish sociologist
Sariola and his
home-economist wife
from Puerto Rico
set out on a field trip*



usually feels like a bug under a microscope. After that informal but penetrating meeting, the student "may decide to go home" (as one Institute report tactfully puts it). If he and his projects survive, he is still not master of his fate. The Institute chooses his course of study and his associates.

Turrialba discourages candidates who want only a degree. "Our degree here is *Magister Agriculturae*," said Dr. Allee, now Director of the Institute. "It doesn't mean anything in particular, and it's not comparable with any degree offered by any other agricultural school."

"Then why . . . ?"

"That's just why we call it that," continued Dr. Allee briskly. "We don't want a lot of degree-seekers here. Practically every one of this Hemisphere's agricultural problems is painfully specific, and the only thing that will solve them is specialized research. What we want is to take specialists and make better specialists of them."

"There's another reason why we discourage the degree candidate," he went on. "The course leading to a degree lasts two years. Often we can teach a graduate student everything we know about his specialty in six months. Then he goes back home and goes to work, using what he has learned right away and at the same time making room for another student here at Turrialba. A degree candidate stays two years, perhaps keeping other boys just as well qualified from getting the training they should have."

"Don't misunderstand me," he added after a pause. "As long as the student is gaining practical knowledge, we are glad to have him stay. But, generally speaking, the trained specialist cures more plant and animal diseases than the unspecialized Master of Agriculture."

Sometime during his first three or four months at Turrialba, each student must head a seminar for the entire faculty and student body. He outlines his project, explains the details of his work, and tells what he hopes to accomplish. Questions are fired at him in both English and Spanish by students and faculty members, and his projects are discussed openly and exhaustively. The

criticism is never hostile, but the student must know his subject and have his ideas organized well enough to answer satisfactorily the best-informed skeptic.

Often this collective bone-picking helps clear up questions in the student's own mind. Often, too, the discussion wanders into related fields and gives valuable ideas to students working on other projects. For example, at a recent seminar President Truman's Point Four was mentioned. Then somebody asked, "Just what is an undeveloped area?" The discussion took off into the

Demonstration for 1949 cacao conferees at La Lola farm in tropical rain-forest area



Stoking the brick kiln set up by Dr. Spencer Hatch of the Institute's Extension Service to use local clay

Dr. H. C. Thompson (standing), consultant from Cornell University, leads an Institute seminar



wild blue yonder, cloud-hopped for a while, and finally came back to earth with a definition that satisfied everybody: "Any place where three square meals a day are not available to everyone." This is probably the only one-sentence definition of anything ever arrived at by an international organization.

Few international organizations achieve the unity of effort that presides at Turrialba. Though differences of opinion often arise, no student has ever stalked out of a seminar. All know that if they did, they'd miss some-

(Continued on page 41)



George Scott's painting of San Martín. Born in 1788, Argentine liberator moved to Madrid at early age, began his military career fighting with Spaniards against Napoleon's invading armies

personality of a Hero

Ricardo Rojas

This year people throughout the continent are commemorating the centenary of the death of General José de San Martín, national hero of Argentina. Few men in public life have attained the stature of this great American, who led armies of liberation in Argentina, Chile, and Peru. He held tremendous power and used it well, only to step aside at the height of his career in favor of Bolívar, a gesture that has caused considerable conjecture among historians. For the comment below AMERICAS called on a leading literary figure in Argentina and one of the foremost biographers of San Martín. Professor Rojas' latest book, *La Entrevista de Guayaquil* (The Guayaquil Interview), deals with the historic meeting between San Martín and Bolívar discussed in his article.

THERE IS A SAYING of San Martín's that has been popularized like this: *Serás lo que debes ser, si no, no serás nada*, meaning, roughly, "You will be what you should be or nothing." But San Martín himself wrote it this way: *Serás lo que hay que ser o no eres nada* (You will be what you have to be or nothing). This is the way I quoted it in my book, *El Santo de la Espada* (The Saint of the Sword), taking it from a letter to his confidant General Tomás Guido. For this form gives the axiom greater precision and more philosophical clarity. The phrase throws light on the entire life of San Martín, especially on its climax—the meeting at Guayaquil. In fact, the whole character of the Argentine is summarized in this sentence.

In 1907 I bought a copy of *Byron's Works* in London (Oxford edition, 1904). In Act III, Scene 1 of the play *Marino Faliero*, I found the line: "I will be what I should be or be nothing," a remark by the Doge of Venice to his wife. In idea and form Byron's line corresponds to San Martín's maxim—a significant coincidence in the thinking of a brilliant romantic poet and a strategist of genius.

Such identity in thought between the Englishman and the South American—of widely different natures, yet perhaps similar in spirit and destiny—intrigues me as a profound psychological problem. San Martín wrote that letter to Guido from Brussels in 1826, at a time when Byron's play may not have been available to him. He had gone to England in 1824, the year of Byron's death, to visit General William Miller, Lord Macduff, and other old British friends. The poet was ten years younger than San Martín but died twenty-three years earlier.

The distinguished critic Alfredo de la Guardia has observed that the line quoted from *Marino Faliero* is reminiscent of the "*Caesar aut nihil*" of Cesar Borgia. It is a keen observation, for the Latin proverb is an expression of haughty ambition, like that of Faliero in the English play. San Martín's phrase, not mentioned by De la Guardia, differs in form from that of Borgia's Caesar and in depth from that of Byron's Doge. The Argentine hero was speaking of a Stoic discipline and a moral purpose.

Discounting, then, the possibility that San Martín had read Byron's play, I prefer to assume a simple coincidence. This is not at all impossible if we think of Byron as a liberator in his own way (he rebelled against the

British cant, according to Taine) and as a soldier who died in the battle of Missolonghi, fighting for the freedom of Greece. For his part, San Martín was like a character in romantic literature: in the course of being what he had to be and becoming the leader of an epoch, he never avoided dangers.

Many episodes in San Martín's life were reckless enough to be called Byronic, seeming like the steps of a sleepwalker or impetuous jumps into an abyss. Isn't that what you would call the break with Spain when he arrived in Buenos Aires in 1812 to fight against King Ferdinand VII? And his disobedience in reconquering Chile with his Army of the Andes in 1819? And his Pacific campaign to open the way through Peru and throw the last viceroys out of Lima? But his tranquil vision showed itself most clearly at Guayaquil in his generous proposal to merge the revolutionary armies and in his withdrawal when Bolívar refused the offer. It was there that San Martín heard most clearly the rhythmic warning of destiny: You will be what you have to be or nothing. From that moment on, Guayaquil has meant not only a geographic spot in Ecuador, but a line dividing two hemispheres in the moral world, a spiritual battlefield with a world-wide horizon.

As one studies the San Martín of Guayaquil, his figure takes on a universal quality and his spirit seems to rise above geography and sociology, even above the historical incident. For he was acting not as the military hero of a region but as a universal personality. Attempts to understand that figure lead us to the psychological realm of fathoming the great mystery of peoples and heroes. At this point the biographer, if he is—as he should be—a poet and philosopher as well, can take the real person and transfigure him into an epic figure. This is what I had in mind in *El Santo de la Espada*.

Those who believe pure anti-Bolivarism leads us Argentines to consider authentic the "letter from Lima" to Bolívar—published by the Frenchman Lafond in 1841—are wrong. Neither is it true that we use it to protect a conquered hero, for that letter is not the only one that supports our viewpoint. Even more categorical are the letter from Brussels to General Miller and the letter from Boulogne-sur-Mer to Marshal Castilla, a Peruvian.

Nor are we trying to suggest that San Martín's relinquishment of power is superior in itself to Bolívar's ambition. To destroy such a notion, one need only remember that San Martín exercised civil power as Governor in Cuyo (1815-1816); military power as commander from Chacabuco to Rancagua (1817-1820); personal power during the Protectorate in Lima (1821-1822); and that it was precisely in search of power that he went to Guayaquil (July 26, 1822). On the other hand, although Bolívar enjoyed influence and power, he refused a lifetime presidency in Peru (1827), personal control of Greater Colombia (1828), and a dictatorship in Caracas when adverse circumstances forced him to do so. "This is the way destiny meant it to be," said San Martín to Bolívar when they parted. And the *Cartas del Libertador* (*Letters of the Liberator*) contain similar statements made by Bolívar when his fatal hour came.



Conversations between San Martín and Bolívar at Guayaquil in July 1822 changed the course of history, but were never made public

An ethical evaluation based on the idea that the opposing concepts of self-effacement and ambition were illustrated in Guayaquil falls apart against the background of the two protagonists' public lives before and after 1822. Neither can that moment be explained by supposing a difference of opinion between the two men either over possession of the port of Guayaquil (a theory that has been thoroughly disproved) or over the monarchical idea, a mere invention that has also been eliminated by documentary science. As I pointed out recently in *La Entrevista de Guayaquil*, the explanation based on the military alliance between the Colombian and Peruvian armies solves the whole question. It covers the various problems of that moment: the location of the royalists in the Andes near Cuzco and the patriots' forces on the Pacific Coast; Bolívar's and San Martín's attitudes toward the Treaty of Alliance their representatives had just signed; and, finally, the statements both men made in their letters. Seen in this light, the purposes and results of the meeting fall into a documented and logical pattern.



Little-known 1861 lithograph portrays San Martín's crossing of the Andes in 1817 to engage the Spaniards in Chile and Peru

According to Bolívar, San Martín told him that before leaving Lima for Guayaquil he had convoked the first Peruvian Congress so it could form its Constitution freely, and that he would resign as Protector. (Bolívar wrote this to Santander, who headed the government in Colombia.) San Martín did not mention relinquishing command of his army until after he had encountered obstacles to an immediate military alliance with Bolívar. But when he realized it was necessary, he told Bolívar he would go to Mendoza. (Bolívar mentioned this in the Report of Secretary Pérez to the Chancellery in Bogotá, and San Martín mentioned it in his letter to Miller.) This solution, under which San Martín left Peru and Bolívar remained to continue the war, was mentioned for the first time by San Martín on July 27 in the presence of Vice Admiral Blanco, Argentine commander of the Chilean-Peruvian fleet after the retirement of Cochrane. The documents on these events are cited in several of my works.

This logical argument leads to a point where we must fall back on the concepts of fate and Providence,

acknowledged by all men and religions, and by the arts through epic poems and classical tragedies. At Guayaquil the fate of America depended equally on Bolívar and San Martín, the greatest heroes of our liberation who made possible the epic birth of our nations. But each interpreted his mission in a way dictated by his own nature and experience. San Martín mentioned his destiny and the destiny of America, leaving us his interpretation in the axiom, "You will be what you have to be or nothing."

That statement is the key to his character, which was as firm and flexible as steel, tempered by duty; his crises were those of breach or attack. In Guayaquil he saw that the fatal hour for the fatal renunciation had arrived. Six years later, when Bolívar's glory had faded and his health was broken from superhuman effort, he too experienced such an hour. He deserves credit, but his actions after Guayaquil and Sucre's triumph at Ayacucho were made possible by San Martín's getting out of the way. If he had not done so, internal strife would have brought great misfortune to our peoples.

San Martín's writings throughout his life prove that he knew how to foresee and adapt himself to realities and how to be ambitious for power when he should be. He would have sought it energetically at Guayaquil in 1822 if he could have had the kind he was looking for and which America needed. "Our duty is to console America," San Martín had said when he reached the Peruvian coast, an observation he must have repeated when he left it.

The science of history is concerned with relating events of the past as they actually occurred, but the human mind cannot help imagining what would have happened had there been a different chain of events. This does not mean we are free to digress or talk nonsense, or to dream arbitrarily; we must limit ourselves to reasonable inferences.

Edgar Allan Poe wrote *The Raven* as if it were a hallucination, explaining in "The Theory of the Poem" how he had created it through norms of logical progression. It is thus that I would have us understand the Saint of the Sword, catching a glimpse of what the singular man would have created through the power of his spirit if his endeavors had met with better fortune. But San Martín was never a fortunate man. To be what he had to be he struggled against fate for twelve years, like a hero in a classical tragedy; still struggling, he arrived in Guayaquil. After that he never had to struggle again.

Had San Martín won the full power he needed at Guayaquil, he and Bolívar together would have led their armies toward a single destiny as our Dionysiac continent was being born to liberty. We can appreciate that they would not only have beaten the royalists, but would have avoided civil war among the various regions and the despotism of arbitrary force. The Congress of Panama would not have failed as it did, for lack of political opportunity rather than because it was premature. Cuba would not have waited a century for its liberation. An

(Continued on page 44)

NEW ORLEANS international

Serge Fliegers and Alvaro Pérez

A LATIN AMERICAN BUSINESSMAN visiting New Orleans can scarcely avoid doing business there. For the city realized the importance of a direct economic tie with Latin America and did something about it. It put on a planned and systematic trade drive. Today this initiative has paid off. During the past three years, New Orleans enjoyed the biggest trade boom in its history. With its shipping volume past the billion and a quarter mark this year, it is now the nation's second port. Every third cup of coffee drunk in the United States is brought in through New Orleans, which also handles items ranging from wines, nuts, and toys to textiles and Haitian wood masks.

In 1943, during a sightseeing cruise of the lower Mississippi Delta, the newly appointed manager of the Port of New Orleans, E. O. Jewell, overheard a conversation that set him to thinking.

"*Qué tal, amigo*, this great river is magnificent. In my country, Costa Rica, we do not have such rivers. . . ."

"But, my friend, we don't have them in my country either—Peoria, Illinois."

"There are other things we don't have in our country that I'm looking for right now. Electrical equipment, for example. I need a thousand dynamos."

"What a lucky coincidence! I think I can fill that order for you."

The port manager took the story back to a group of New Orleans businessmen, including shipping and life insurance company officials and a newspaper publisher. "Our port," Jewell pointed out, "is naturally suited to trade with Latin America. It would be nice to stimulate it by using a ship as a trysting place for importers and exporters—but a little impractical, I'm afraid."

Instead, his listeners suggested a spot on terra firma, right off New Orleans' famous Canal Street. William Zetzman, president of a local bottling plant, sent a letter to his more important commercial colleagues: "We want to start something new," he wrote, "something that has never been tried before." He invited them to a meeting, but added: "Don't bother to come unless you have a lot of money to invest in the future of your city."

Zetzman himself put up some thirty thousand dollars and more than fifty of his colleagues brought the minimum contribution—a thousand dollars. They bought an old bank building and refurbished it in record time, decorating it with the flags of the 21 Western Hemisphere nations. Office space, a library, a lobby, and meeting halls were provided. They christened the new trade center "International House."

At first businessmen were apathetic. During the peak 1945 war year, the Port of New Orleans did some three quarters of a billion dollars' worth of trade. After the emergency stimulus had worn off, they felt, New Orleans would again become a sleepy southern town, handling

Left: International House sparks business deals between buyers and sellers, arranged some thirty thousand contacts its first two years

mostly cotton and coffee. Not many of the thousands of manufacturers, distributors, consumers, and farmers in the mid-continent area—the thirteen Mississippi Valley states served by New Orleans—had ever done business with Latin America before. “Why should we seek trade abroad?” they asked. “We have no contacts, we don’t know the language or the procedure.”

International House officials went to work. They sent representatives to Latin America, invited Latin American businessmen to stop over on their way north. Once in New Orleans, they were furnished with a bilingual secretary, a desk, a telephone, and a long list of mid-continent firms they could approach directly. Soon the businessmen of the United States and Latin America saw—like the two who had met on the sightseeing boat—that one manufactured what the other needed.

One firm in Demopolis, Alabama, is in the export business solely because of the contacts New Orleans provided. The firm manufactured all types of agricultural equipment and had a surplus stock because of the weakening domestic market. It hesitated to try selling abroad because its officers knew nothing of the export business—what forms to fill out, to whom to write, how to pack and ship, and what technicalities to prepare for.

International House provided a detailed manual and a list of thirty prospective buyers from its files. In just two weeks orders arrived from Venezuela for three wagons, three trailers, and fifty trucks. Today the Demopolis firm has a flourishing foreign-trade department that is still expanding. During its first two years, International House arranged about thirty thousand such contacts between buyers and sellers.

But how about the Latin American visitors? More and more of them, stepping out of planes, disembarking from ships, spent a few days in New Orleans. They dropped in at International House, met their U.S. colleagues, and concluded their business deals. Meanwhile, officials of International House had absorbed some of the Latin spirit of hospitality and began to multiply its services.

One morning staff members found at the door a dejected-looking woman with a six-month-old child in her arms and seven heavy suitcases. A Panamanian, speaking no English, she was looking for her husband, a U.S. sailor. She wanted a room, food for the baby, and help in finding her husband, and *La Casa Internacional* seemed the place to get them. The baby was fed, and a room found for her. Within a matter of days, her husband was located, and there was a touching family reunion.

Another time, a honeymooning couple from Venezuela came to see the historic places of New Orleans, its Cabildo built by Spanish colonists, the French Quarter, and the old Cemetery. They stopped off at International House for dinner and a chat in Spanish with one of the Latin advisers. “We would love to see the rest of the United States,” the husband remarked, “but we haven’t enough money. If only I could sell a consignment of hides I have in my country, we could afford the trip.” The same afternoon a U.S. purchaser was found and papers were signed. The couple set out for Niagara Falls.



International House visitor from India. Unique organization handles human as well as commercial problems

No request is too large or too small for International House to tackle. It has helped export a four-dollar consignment of toy balloons, and facilitated the purchase, by Argentina, of three million dollars’ worth of ships.

After confidence had been established among the businessmen of the mid-continent area, a new difficulty presented itself. Although products were available, Latin American businessmen could ill afford to travel through thirteen southern and midwestern states showing their samples or inspecting prospective purchases. Instead, many proceeded farther north to the large manufacturing centers, where great numbers of factories and sales offices were grouped together.

New Orleans’ international planners soon found an answer. At a cost of nearly a million and a half dollars, they constructed a Trade Mart. Again the flags of the



Ten Latin American countries display goods in non-profit Trade Mart, which exhibits over six hundred different items

21 republics were raised; and today, across the street from International House, a huge, modern, windowless building, gleaming white and completely air-conditioned, houses more than six hundred different exhibit items. It takes just a couple of hours to sample the products of half the world, without moving farther than half a city block.

Recently a Peruvian purchasing mission arrived in New Orleans—"just passing through," they said, "as we have a long trip ahead to locate manufacturers of the various items we need." Instead, they were taken on an afternoon's tour of International House and the Trade Mart. During the next week, without moving from New Orleans, they purchased all they could with their half-million-dollar budget and saved considerable traveling expense and fatigue into the bargain. The same thing happened to a group of buyers from Colombia, who were able to supply the needs of their country's merchant marine after a few business sessions at the International Trade Mart.



Visitor trying on wooden shoes. New Orleans institutions welcome traders and exhibits from outside Western Hemisphere

Neither International House nor Trade Mart facilities are restricted to nations of the Western Hemisphere. A visitor wandering through the long aluminum-and-glass-lined corridors of the Mart can see U.S. agricultural machinery, Bohemian glassware, and Costa Rican lumber products exhibited side by side. Except for direct rentals, there is no charge for the unending variety of services offered by the two institutions. They are supported mainly by membership dues levied on New Orleans businessmen and operate on a non-profit basis.

But for the city itself there is a distinct profit. Director Charles Nutter (who has a long record of successful dealings with Latin America, first as a newspaperman and later as an executive) and New Orleans' Mayor De Lesseps Morrison say that seventy cents of every dollar

in the pocketbooks of New Orleans residents comes directly or indirectly from the trade of their port. They expect that trade to pass the billion-and-a-half dollar figure next year, making New Orleans one of the world's largest ports.

There is another development that will help New Orleans become one of the globe's foremost trading centers. Under a law recently enacted, sponsored by Congressman Emmanuel Celler of New York, both U.S. and foreign businessmen will be permitted to exhibit and manufacture goods in all the U.S. free trade zones.

The New Orleans trade zone today comprises some twenty acres of excellent storage and warehouse space where foreign goods can be deposited without payment of U.S. tariffs. The idea of a free trade zone was first tried by the Hanseatic League in the sixteenth century, but the first American free port was set up in New York as late as 1937; New Orleans created its zone in 1947. A reaction against high tariffs, it permitted the shipper to store his goods, dry them to reduce weight, remove parts that had spoiled or broken during the sea voyage, and sometimes repack or re-sort them to make use of a lower tariff classification.

For example, thirty cents' duty per gallon is charged on fresh pineapple juice imported by the United States from Cuba. But if, in the Free Trade Zone, some coloring and preservative chemicals are added, the duty is only eight cents per gallon, which means considerable saving for the U.S. importer and consumer. Brazil nuts, taxed according to their weight, can remain in the zone until most of their water content has evaporated, reducing their final weight and, consequently, the import duty.

Wines and other liquids can be brought into the New Orleans Free Trade Zone in barrels, there to be repacked into bottles. This avoids possible loss from breakage en route. And Latin American countries that have no facilities for manufacturing the kind of bottles required by U.S. buyers can now avoid the tedious and costly process of importing the necessary glassware from the States, only to have it shipped back on the next boat.

J. H. Boyd, the zone manager, showed us around the enormous layout of the New Orleans Free Port. It was a far cry from the wooden reshipping platforms constructed three hundred years ago by the Hanseatic traders. We saw lumber from Costa Rica, machine parts from Belgium, emeralds from Colombia, and blue, shimmering aquamarines from Brazil. "This is another Free Port facility," Mr. Boyd explained. "In the case of jewels, for example, a U.S. importer no longer has to lay out the 10 per cent duty on a stone before it is sold. He can keep it here and show it to prospective purchasers. If he makes a sale, he pays the tariff; otherwise, he is free to return it abroad."

As far as the U.S. public is concerned, the Free Port operation does not mean loss of duty income. According to the zone manager, it offers these advantages: It encourages imports and thus provides dollars for foreign purchasers of U.S. goods; stimulates the U.S. transportation business; gives employment to U.S. personnel

(Continued on page 43)



At left: Mario Bermúdez, International Relations Director for New Orleans, shows toy airplane to Salvadorean purchasing mission

green gold in

YUCATAN



Robert Spiers Benjamin

FOR FOUR HUNDRED YEARS, since Yucatán's greedy jungles swallowed the Mayan empire, civilization had held only a thin coastal strip of that wildest area of Mexico. Explorers sometimes penetrated to a lost city. Chile hunters on yearly forays brought out raw materials to appease the great American gum chewer. Loggers nibbled at the seaward fringes of the forests. But Yucatán's vast green body still stood virtually untouched between the Gulf and Caribbean, a triumph of nature over man.

When young Alfredo Medina set out fifteen years ago to tame the interior of Yucatán, even his best friends called him *El Loco*—"the crazy one." They all felt sorry for Al. The son of a wealthy henequen planter, he had won an engineering degree at Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute in Troy, New York, then returned to Mérida, Yucatán's capital, to build houses and roads. He was doing nicely when the henequen estates were expropriated in 1935 and cut into communal farms for the workers. The Medina fortune vanished, building activity in Mérida ceased, and his own company soon collapsed. All he had left was a few pesos and an idea.

While his friends clucked sympathetically, Alfredo took a train to the end of a dispirited railroad that

skirts the jungle for 120 miles. Then, with a guide, he disappeared into the matted brush. Weeks later he walked into a Mérida bank, offering to pay royalties for the rights to cut a magnificent stand of Spanish cedar he had found. The bankers reviewed a sad story: how the concession had come to them when an earlier logging operator had lost a three-year struggle with the jungle. "I know," Alfredo smiled stubbornly.

Then they offered to sell the tract for 26,000 pesos (then about \$6,500). "I don't have 260 pesos," Alfredo admitted. Taking a what-can-we-lose attitude, the bank signed the royalty deal. Alfredo went back to the jungle.

Recently a party of U.S. furniture manufacturers toured Yucatán by air as guests of Alfredo Medina. They

flew over a tropical lumbering empire whose three and a half million acres and five hundred miles of roads channeled shiploads of cedar and rich mahogany through two ports to foreign markets. Where Medina had cut his first timber they saw a model town around huge new plants producing tons of plywood, school desks, knock-down furniture, and prefabricated houses for Mexico's growing cities. Southward two hundred miles, in the very heart of the jungle, they found another modern town growing. They watched enchanted as *El Loco*—he prizes that name now—soaring over Yucatán in his private DC-3, picked up the radiophone to talk with his officers and remote outpost camps.

Medina has done it by defying traditions. "The most valuable thing I learned at Rensselaer was to get my hands dirty," he says, making a point more profound than it sounds. It was traditional for upper-class young men, even engineers, to stand aloof from their workmen and manual labor. But when he went back to his first timber concession, with a small loan and a few laborers, he substituted "We'll do this" for "You do this." Swinging a machete, he led the gang that hacked out a forty-mile trail to the primitive harbor of El Cuyo. Then for months he slept in a hammock and helped saw the giant cedars that at first were towed to the Gulf by mules.

His second innovation was even more revolutionary. Yucatán's fly-by-night chicle and logging camps were

they shirked their jobs, while dissipation and high disease rates further reduced productivity.

Medina picked native Yucatecan family men, and, although he was working on a limited loan, astounded them by offering premium wages. "For a while," he recalls, "they made more than I did." But these were men to whom he could impart his dream of the future. In camp at night he would paint glowing word-pictures of "what we can do." This included permanent homes for the workers' families, mounting wage scales, and expanding opportunities for the ambitious.

This new approach paid off in loyalty and cooperation. In a few months he was able to clear a crude landing strip, hire a freight plane, and fly a light-weight power mill, piece by piece, into the camp which he christened Colonia Yucatán. Then, instead of logs, lumber went down the trail to El Cuyo and returns mounted on each load. In the second year he paid the bank forty thousand pesos in royalties. After four years he bought the concession for a million pesos instead of the original 26,000 the bank had asked for. But the deal was still a good one.

For a fast haul to the port he devised a two-foot-wide railway over which a rubber-tired tractor, its wheels outside the rails, could pull fifteen lumber-laden flat cars, doing the work of a fleet of trucks. The original lumber mill grew into a huge plant to which were soon added a plywood factory, with its battery of electric planes and giant drying kilns, and furniture workshops.

Colonia Yucatán today houses most of Medina's three thousand workers and their families. Each small home, complete with electricity and running water, is rent free, but only so long as the tenant paints it yearly and keeps his pigs and chickens securely fenced in.

When the people wanted a movie, Medina built it, but insisted that a workers' committee operate it at a profit. Recently the committee began work on a swimming pool in the main plaza, financed by the theater's earnings. Another move that helped to make Colonia Yucatán a contented community was the elimination of the company-owned store, a device still often used to siphon back the workers' wages through high prices and shady book-keeping. Medina owns the markets, barbershop, bakery, and other such buildings, but rents them as concessions. His office keeps a close check to see that prices permit the tradesmen only modest profits; on the other hand, he guarantees them against losses.

A modern hospital and strict sanitary code successfully combat the jungle health problems, and attendance at the model, company-built school is enforced by Medina's orders. Moreover, the town is practically crime free, a record that goes back to the first instance of thievery disclosed in the original crude camp. When the culprit, who had stolen another's clothes, was identified, Medina had his foremen pay him off, give him food, and start him hiking the trail to the railhead at Tizimin, three days away. That jungle law has been observed, by popular acclaim, ever since.

But the most meaningful innovation is the peninsula's highest wage scale. Common labor now gets \$2.35 a day, while husky bulldozer operators and other top-grade



Enterprising Alfredo Medina, who whittled a lumber empire from the jungles of Yucatán

historically a refuge for Mexico's toughest elements. Drifters, habitual drunks, and men fleeing the law could be hired for scanty wages. They expected—and usually got—bad food and miserable living conditions. In return



Giant logs of tropical wood bound for Colonia Yucatán to feed the thriving lumber mill and furniture plants

workers earn up to ten dollars. Such pay, with housing and other benefits considered, is fabulous in Mexico. But it is not out of line with the high production records Medina's methods have achieved. "If it wasn't profitable we couldn't do it," he explains tersely.

Five years ago Medina began his conquest of the very heart of Yucatán. A first step was to hire Don Drury, a lean young lumber engineer from the University of Washington who knew plywood fabrication as well as Mexican timber. Drury installed the plywood plant, then became general manager of all operations while Medina, flying back and forth between Yucatán and his new Mexico City offices, organized a company to develop the virgin mahogany reserves of the inner jungle. Raising capital was no trick now; he turned down more would-be investors than he accepted, including one capitalist who made a fabulous offer for the whole enterprise. "Sell out? What would I do then?" Medina demanded. The same spirit that had built Colonia Yucatán was carried into the new organization. Drury was included as a partner as well as employee.

The mahogany production center, Zoh Laguna, may be the only town in history that was literally founded by air. Its gets its name—Dry Lake—from one of the tragedies that helped to defeat the Mayas. Southern Yucatán, for all its rich forests, has practically no surface water. Rainfall sinks to the underlying strata of limestone and sometimes hollows out subterranean reservoirs. Occasionally the roof of one of these collapses, creating

a deep open pit. But, as in this case, the limestone lakebed itself often collapses in time, and what had seemed a plentiful water supply vanishes overnight. That sequence apparently accounted for the nearby Mayan ruins that Medina's timber scouts spotted from the air.

But the site was strategic, and not far away was a brush-grown air strip once used by a chicle expedition. Medina's trail blazers made this their goal, reaching it as the chicle hunters had done, by hacking a 150-mile footpath from the tiny Caribbean port of Chetumal. Once they had enlarged the clearing, an amazing operation began. Hundreds of men, a power plant, provisions, water, and even mules were flown in by an airlift that continued for a year. Meanwhile a fleet of bulldozers and trucks began clawing a highway from Chetumal.

Long before the road crews reached it, Zoh Laguna was a permanent town, complete with prefabricated houses flown down from Colonia Yucatán. Radial roads had been cut to the best timber stands and to distant water pits. Production was under way. The first truck to reach the town, in early 1947, was quickly started back to Chetumal with mahogany bound for Jacksonville, Florida.

"This is no old-time timber raid, it's a mahogany farm," Medina emphasizes, pointing out a nursery of millions of seedlings from which the forest is replanted as fast as it is cut. "Zoh Laguna will be producing fine timber fifty years from now."

Every phase of the operation is planned for the future.

The road from Chetumal, which opens an area as big as Ohio, is graded, sturdily bridged, and graveled to serve as the first link of a highway system that eventually will connect the peninsula with the body of Mexico. Although drillers have pierced the limestone for a wide radius in search of an underground cistern, the town's water is still hauled great distances by tank truck. But Medina is confident that he will take care of that—by pipeline, if necessary.

Meanwhile, the most serious problem has been conquered. An unceasing drainage and sanitation campaign, plus regular use of DDT, has beaten malaria and dysentery, the twin threats to health in the tropics. Vaccination and inoculation take care of yellow fever, smallpox, and other such menaces. Not the mill, but a modern hospital on a breeze-swept rise in the jungle is the real heart of the whole operation. Its staff is rapidly proving that health in Yucatán can be protected as successfully as in the southern United States, where, from Florida to Texas, what we now think of as tropical diseases were a constant drain only a few decades ago.

Medina still worries over his one error at Zoh Laguna. When Mexico closed a northern camp for Polish refugees soon after the war, he offered to take two hundred families into his new community, having heard that they

One of native Yucatecan workers chatting with Medina (left), whose progressive labor policies contributed enormously to the success of his venture



health than any group in the history of their people. They are rearing literate children, learning new skills, developing a new spirit of initiative. In fifteen years Medina's enterprise and intelligence have raised them from the subsistence level to the status of important producers and consumers, builders of a stronger economy for their country.

Medina has demonstrated how the many great untouched areas in tropical America can be made productive and habitable to serve the mounting population—and by local enterprise, without huge initial investment, foreign loans, or government help.



Forest is replanted as fast as it is cut at the mahogany camp of Zoh Laguna, Medina's fabulous air-borne operation

were sturdy, hard-working home builders. Those who came went to work enthusiastically, but they soon slowed down, became restless and moody. Within six months the last contingent was trucked back to Chetumal. "No imagination," says Medina. "They kept talking about getting to the United States, the land of the future—and here was the future under their noses."

A majority of Medina's men and their families—some ten thousand persons in all—are of Mayan or part-Mayan blood. They are better fed, better housed, and in better

"Here in Yucatán," he says, "lumbering is only the beginning." But he finds a valuable lesson in the evidence that the Mayan decline was due, partly at least, to stripping, then overworking and exhausting the thin soil. This suggests that the successful reconquest of Yucatán will be made not by fighting the jungle but by cultivating it. After wood products, the evident possibilities are drugs, resins, industrial oils. "And who knows what else?" Medina says. "No one has really looked as yet."

TRAVAXO SARATAPYMITAM



Inca civilization as pictured for conquerors by mestizo Felipe Waman Poma de Ayala. Left: Planting maize. Man made hole in earth and wife threw in handful of grain. Main sowing season was September; priests would then fast until corn came up. In Cuzco, public ceremony of sacrifice and dancing was held at that time

ABRIL CAMAHICAPAIM



Left: Man in long robe wears most elaborate form of Inca dress. Costume consisted of breechcloth, tunic (short for everyday use, long for ceremonial occasions), large cloak, and sandals of untanned leather. Clothing was originally made entirely of wool, but with improved transportation cotton was brought to highlands from coast

LA PRIMERA HISTORIA MAMAVACOLA



Right: Admiring herself in bronze mirror, woman has her hair dressed. Inca ladies wore hair long, parted in the middle and hanging down their backs. It was never cut except as sign of mourning or disgrace. They may even have dyed it, according to the Inca Garcilaso. Both men and women used combs made of row of thorns tied between two slivers of wood

Right: Earliest loom was type used by Mochica Indians, one end tied to tree or post and the other bound by belt around weaver's waist. Ordinary fabric was of alpaca wool, coarsest grade of llama. Finest cloth, made of vicuña, compared favorably with silk, in Spaniards' opinion

PRIMERA CALLE AVACOCVARM I



INCA FINISHING SCHOOL

Fernando Romero

ABOUT THE END OF THE TENTH CENTURY or the beginning of the eleventh—while Europe was living in feudalism—one South American tribe, more able and aggressive and with better leaders, began to dominate the rest. The Incas lived in the beautiful, fertile Peruvian valleys of the Urubamba and Paucartambo Rivers and built a great capital—Cuzco, which means “Navel of the World”—eleven thousand feet above sea level. In 1500 their empire of Tawantinsuyo—“land of the four regions”—stretched as far as Argentina and Chile to the south, and Quito to the north. Not long afterward, it fell in ruins before Pizarro's hordes. Today it is only a memory. But there remains the fascinating study of its monuments, customs, and institutions, many so deeply rooted in the land that they survive in modern Peru. Curiously, some aspects of their society anticipated by centuries similar ones found today in the most advanced countries. Their institutes of domestic science and crafts, for example.

The population was divided into nobles and plebeians and, just as in many places today, the education of men followed the same pattern. The upper class, together with those descendants of conquered kings who had been granted the favor of being considered “courtesy Incas,” were carefully prepared in special schools. They underwent severe physical tests. They were taught military tactics, the official language, religious practice, history,

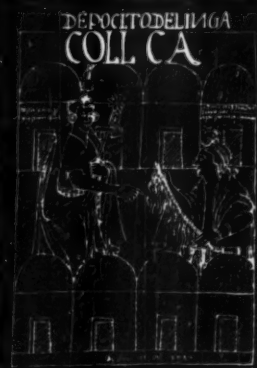


Left: Only highest nobility could travel in litter. Here the emperor and his queen ride in state beneath canopy of feather cloth. Often lavishly decorated with silver or other metals, litters were carried by four bearers especially chosen for smooth pace

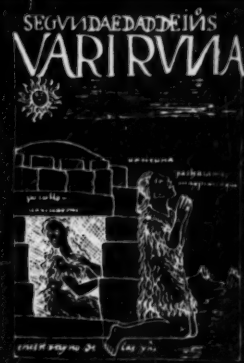


Left: Distaff and spindle accompanied women out walking, or filled in time between housekeeping tasks. Women did most of spinning but men, particularly old men, sometimes helped twist threads. Wool might be used in natural hue or dyed with vegetable color before spinning. Girls of nine to twelve, too young for other duties, gathered the dye-yielding plants

Right: Administrator (seated) holding a quipu, or record-keeping device, reports to the Inca. Empire grew so fast that provinces suffered chronic shortage of administrators, and men with talent advanced fast, no matter how humble his origin. But Inca's own administrators were all upper-class. An absolute ruler, worshiped as divine, emperor was in return under obligation to provide for all his people's needs



Right: Incas divided history into ages beginning, Waman Puma says, with appearance of primitive Indian about 5000 B.C. Second "generation" (illustrated) started eight hundred years later. By that time, "they built little houses that looked like ovens, which they called pucullo, and they did not know how to make clothing but dressed in animal skins." Here woman is inside house; man is praying to god Pachamamac, creator of world



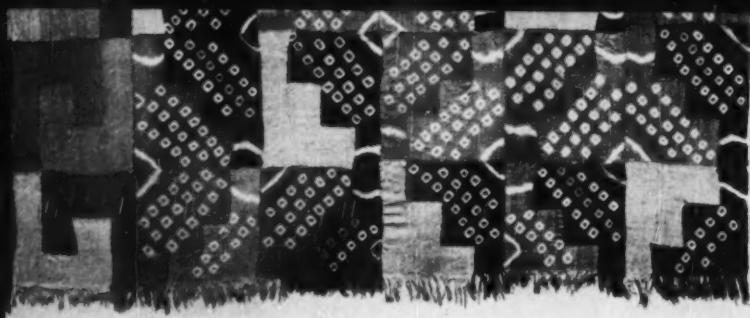
and the accounting and statistics they would need, for they were to be army officers in times of war and public officials in times of peace. Plebeians did not go to school at all. But their fathers were sternly punished if they failed to teach them to use and make arms, to fashion shoes and tools. Moreover, they had to instruct them in either farming and stockraising or the industrial arts in which certain individuals or traditionally skilled tribes specialized.

Just before the Conquest, during the last and greatest period of the empire, a new type of school appeared to challenge this dual educational system. Had it not been for the impending cataclysm, it would probably have led to profound social change. Here was a revolutionary institute where all classes mixed, where training in domestic science and crafts under the leadership of specialists was combined with general education. These schools, designed for women only, were called *acllawasi* (houses of chosen ones). For women alone were assigned the delicate labor of an industry so highly developed that in some respects it was the world's best—the weaving of wool and cotton textiles.

The curriculum at the *acllawasi* differed little from what the United States has developed in the past century under the name "home economics": personal and group relations, family economics, food and nutrition, care of

the home, textiles and clothing. But there was one important difference: since the Incas, like the Greeks, made a cult of physical perfection, this was the criterion for selecting students. The robust, copper-hued Peruvians who founded Tawantinsuyo unquestionably had a fine sense of beauty. We see it in the museums in the elegance of their ceramics and the harmonious color combinations of their textiles. It is still evident in the tasteful, multi-colored dress worn by the Indian women who, distaff in hand and babies on their backs, roam Peru's craggy roads today. So it is no wonder the sovereigns surrounded themselves with handsome men and women, that noble youths went through rigorous athletic training, that upper-class warriors who had lost ears or noses in battle—a frequent mishap—were sent off to service in distant provinces. And the comeliest girls were chosen for court and temples. . . .

The Spanish chroniclers misinterpreted this business of the *acllacas* or chosen ones. They judged it by the European institution it most resembled, for with their scanty culture they could not understand the eugenic criterion. Hence these women were long thought to have been a kind of nun or "virgins of the Sun." Actually, this belief errs on the side of over-generalization. True, some were priestesses, but the term *acllaca* seems also to have meant a degree of professional skill like *kamayoc*



Interlocking warp (left) and patchwork tie-dye in fabric from coast region of Inca empire, famed for exquisite textiles



Ceramic art reached a peak with the Incas, who turned out pottery masterpieces like this in Chile and southern Peru



Above: Painted jar with handsome bird design, Nazca

Left: A touch of whimsy in painted ware from Tiahuanaco Coast

—used for men and equivalent to the title of *master* in the Middle Ages.

Writing in 1635, Cobo explains that the Inca administration provided for an official in each province called the *apupanaca*, who, "traveling through the towns within his jurisdiction, had the power to single out all the girl children who seemed to him beautiful and of good disposition," taking particular pains to see that they had not even the slightest physical defect. Naturally, all the families were eager to have their daughters examined by this functionary, for many of the girls selected would some day occupy positions of great importance. Nor were noble families any the less interested, for if their daughters were chosen, they might possibly become connected with the reigning sovereign or the heir-apparent. At the proper time the Inca took some of the *acllacas* as concubines or awarded them to lords and principal chiefs in payment for outstanding service. "To receive one of these maidens was taken as a singular favor," remarks Cobo, "for these Indians esteemed nothing so much as having many women; and except for the legitimate wife, these had to be granted by their king."

Fixing the age at which selection took place is difficult because of conflicting versions given by the various historians. The mestizo Garcilaso de la Vega and others claim that the girls were ten or twelve; Cobo, on the

other hand, maintains they were eight and nine or younger. The contradictions stem from the fact that there were several classes of "chosen ones." The *uinachicoc acella* ("chosen to be brought up") began their "apprenticeship for womanhood" at four, staying in the *acllawasi* till the age of ten. No one knows what became of them afterward. Children who were to be trained as "singers, musicians, flute-players, and drummers" began at twelve. But usually girls between twelve and eighteen, who made up a distinct class, were chosen.

From that point on, the State took complete charge of them and paid for their education. Ruins of *acllawasi* can still be seen in many parts of the country, but the principal one was in Cuzco. All had a similar purpose—to train women for their three main functions: the priesthood, domestic life as lived by the upper classes, and vocational teaching. In short, the *acllawasi* was a combination workshop, institute of domestic science and crafts, convent, and normal school. The students were given general instruction and taught preparation of food and drink and proficiency in the most intricate weaving—a four-year course. The institutes were presided over by women called *mamacunas* and served by stewards who had the additional duty of guarding the students' virtue.

Cobo says—wrongly, it seems—that when the *acllacas* reached thirteen or fourteen, they were classified and



Pottery vessel shows how burdens were carried, supported by forehead strap

distributed. An official scale of rank according to age prevailed in the empire, and the most reliable source, the mestizo Felipe Waman Poma de Ayala, states that final distribution took place when the students reached the *allic sumac cipascuna* stage, marriageable women of 33.

Scarcely had the *acllacas* completed their apprenticeship—at eighteen or shortly before—when “the agent in charge of selecting this tribute sorted the graduates” and took the province’s quota, determined by precise statistics, under guard to Cuzco for the great December feast of Raymi. The rest remained in reserve, to be used by the governors for distribution, on the Inca’s orders, among provincial nobles. Arriving in Cuzco, the *acllacas* of the various regions were brought into the presence of the Inca, who divided them into three chief groups—offerings, artisans and mistresses, and vestals. The first were lodged in convents, awaiting their turn to be sacrificed when the occasion should arise—when the emperor fell ill or went to war, or when he died, so they might accompany him in the next life. “The most noble and beautiful” belonged to the second group. Some of them were given as prizes to captains and relatives and others whom the Inca wished to honor; some he kept for himself, dividing them into concubines and vestals.

Since women usually remained virgins until about thirty, when they first entered the palace they devoted

themselves solely to weaving and cooking. But on reaching the proper age, they became concubines of the king, making the Inca’s superfine raiment and preparing choice meals for him. They were obliged to remain faithful to their lord even after his death.

Much the same situation prevailed for women who remained behind in the provincial *acllawasi*. Until they were presented to some local gentleman, they served the official inns, helped with preparations for public festivals, and bestowed on the community food and clothing made with their own hands.

The vestals were a monastic order so strict that after they took their vows not even the sacred Inca was allowed to see them. Their superior was a priestess called the *colla paca*, who belonged to the highest nobility. Living under a vow of perpetual chastity, the nuns devoted all their time to weaving the cult paraphernalia such as priestly robes and offerings to the gods, and to making beverages and foods for religious ceremonies. Their age determined their standing, according to Poma de Ayala, and probably, as a result, their place of residence also.

The position of vestal was held only between the ages of eighteen and fifty—in other words, from the time a woman ceased being a girl until she attained the first period of old age. Twenty-year-old virgins were *guayrur acllaca*, or priestesses of the Moon and Chasqui, the morning and evening star. The *guayrur acllaca sumac* (beautiful), who served in the principal temples, were 25. At thirty they were *sumac accla*, consecrated to Huanacaur, the sacred hill of Cuzco. Just as a woman passed from the highest classification to an inferior one at 33 in secular Inca society, so, too, the vestals, on reaching that age, dropped out of the first category of priestesses and thereafter gradually declined in rank. Women of 35 were known as *sumac acclap catiquin*—“those who follow the beautiful chosen ones.” Women of forty, *acllac caupi catiquin sumac accla* (those who follow the beautiful chosen ones of the middle), served in second-class temples. Finally, fifty-year-olds, the *pampa acllaconas* (ordinary chosen ones), were demoted to the minor temples.

The *mamacunas* (“mother” or “matron”) were women of fifty to a hundred, according to Poma de Ayala. It may be inferred, since the teachers in the *acllawasi* were called by this name, that once a vestal reached the age of fifty, she relinquished her direct obligation to the cult and took up teaching duties at one of the institutions of this kind all over Tawantinsuyo.

Like other Inca practices, these customs were grounded on two fundamental tenets of a stern and well-organized society—the obligation to work and the preeminence of the State over the individual. No one was allowed to live in idleness. Children had their jobs and even defectives had theirs. The lame and the blind worked together at certain tasks, for example, so that one might see, the other do. Because the land was poor and had to feed a large population, the home front had to make up for what the soldiers in the field could not produce. With such a social system, the life reserved for the most beautiful and capable women is not so strange after all.



Baldomero Sommer leprosarium on Argentine pampa, one of world's best

HOUSE of HOPE

Irene Day

ON THE FLAT, TREELESS PAMPA of Buenos Aires Province, a slim ribbon of concrete highway leads to the gate of a pink and green village. Its half a hundred stucco buildings with red tile roofs, set off by cool poplars and eucalyptus, cluster around a slender church spire. Immaculate dormitories border the tree-lined streets, and the tiled clinic houses the most up-to-date laboratory and medical equipment to be found anywhere. For this is the Sanatorio Baldomero Sommer, one of the most progressive leper colonies in the world. Here Argentina's Dr. Héctor Fiol, with the help of the leprosy-retarding sulfa derivative called promin, is working to restore his patients to society—and to dispel society's ancient horror of the leper.

Shortly after the development of promin in the United States in the winter of 1946, Dr. Fiol began using it at Baldomero Sommer. Within several months, patients whose eyesight had been failing as a result of the dread "Hansen's disease" gradually began to see better. Ugly ulcers on faces and arms healed. Following the patients' initial amazement, a tremendous psychological change came over them. Last year, nearly twenty who had been treated with promin injections left the colony to resume useful lives, something that had never happened before.

Promin is no "sure cure." Some day it, or something like it, may be—there has not yet been time for medical science to establish just what it will do. It is still a long process for the Hansenitis sufferer, and his segregation makes it heartbreakingly lonely. In the cheerful women's quarters of the Sanatorio Baldomero Sommer there is mute evidence of this isolation of the heart—a cherished doll sits on nearly every neatly made bed.

Two years before promin's discovery, a girl whom I shall call María came to the colony. Looking at her, you would never know that this hearty young woman is a leper. As I sat in the white-tiled consultation room on my first visit to the colony a year ago, María entered with a confident, almost buoyant step. Her heavy brown hair was braided coronet-fashion around her head. Dark glasses obscured her eyes, but her skin was clear and her reddened lips smiled in greeting. She had been at the colony over four years.

The youngest of ten children, María was born 31 years ago. She grew up in Salados, an old Spanish town of fifteen thousand people in the province of Corrientes, which has prospered from its citrus fruits, cotton, cattle, wool, and rice. Tutored until she was sixteen, María then entered the Catholic Colegio de San José. There she remained seven years, learning to knit, sew, and use the typewriter, and to pass on to children what she had learned. At 23 she returned home to be with her mother. Her father had died of leprosy.

In the mornings, María tutored. Her gay disposition won her many friends. After the siesta each day, she would take tea with friends or relatives. She liked to ride horseback and to take walks. She and Juan had been promised to each other, and soon she would be making a home of her own.

One day while preparing her mother's-afternoon mate, María's hand slipped and scalding water spilled on her right foot. Some moments passed before she realized there was no pain, no feeling at all in her foot. Hiding her fears from her mother, she hurried to an uncle, a doctor in the town. Their visit to a specialist down in Buenos Aires confirmed their suspicions.

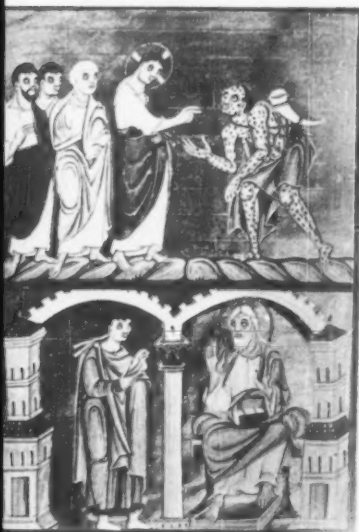
After the first shock, María stoically said her good-byes, at the same time giving Juan his freedom. Then she entered the Baldomero Sommer Colony for treatment, to spend years, possibly the rest of her life, away from those she loved.



Shrouded lepers, with bells on their peaked hats to warn passersby, begged alms along Moroccan roads a century ago



Seventeenth-century outcasts held yearly procession on Lost Monday



Eleventh-century engraving of Christ healing leper

There was a chance, they told her at the sanitarium. Many things were in her favor. After all, she was only 26; new drugs, improved methods of treatment were being developed. These, with rest and hope, were in some cases retarding the mysterious scourge. Yet María remembered her father.

The first two years passed like a long dream. The girl thought longingly of the happy days at home and school and of her mother. Sundays she went to church. Once a month, on weekend visiting days, some one of her family came to see her. Over the wide marble table separating them flowed news of home and friends in Salados. The regulation fifteen-minute visit would have to last in memory for days to come.

Juan married. Fortunately, María's own resourcefulness and education provided pleasures in knitting, sewing, and reading. By letter she struck up a friendship with a girl in a sanitarium in Uruguay. Meanwhile, she was ever alert for marks on her skin that might indicate the disease was advancing. First attacking the nerves, leprosy deadens feeling. If it progresses, the flesh develops sores and the patient loses the hair on his face. In advanced stages the face takes on a leonine appearance; the flesh and bones, throat and kidneys are affected.

María shared one of the single-story oblong houses where the women are segregated. Each morning at seven they rose, breakfasted, and tidied up their nooks and beds. Sometimes she helped or taught another woman to make one of the bright cotton dresses they usually wear. Occasionally, though a main kitchen provides the bulk of their meals, she enjoyed preparing a dessert. Siesta followed lunch, then a walk about the well-kept grounds before tea. Later she would chat or listen to the radio or play cards with the others. By ten o'clock they were in bed.

Time dragged by. In the spring, there was the foliage growing green on the trees planted by man on the flat, empty countryside. There was a garden to be tended. There was a little dog to play with, and there were letters. In summer the heat keeps most of the patients indoors during the day. The sun's strong glare is too much for eyes weakened by the disease. Physical exercise is confined to evening walks.

With fall's cooler weather there is more outdoor activity, and often a group of four plays handball on courts behind the auditorium where the children attend school. During the winter, Saturday night dances are held in the auditorium for those able to attend. Records provide tangos, waltzes, and María's favorite Spanish folk music, the *paso doble*. Argentine and U. S. movies are shown twice weekly.

María's dearest friend at the colony has been Juanita, a young woman from Paraguay who entered the sanitarium two years earlier. To each other they confide their hopes and fears.

A Hansenitis sufferer usually manages to maintain hope and belief in his ultimate recovery. Doctors encourage this, since frequently the disease runs its course before destroying the patient. In fact, complications of grippe,

pneumonia, or tuberculosis carry off the Hansenite more frequently than leprosy itself. In some light cases, doctors do not tell the patient he has it, so powerful is the mental attitude in affecting its cure or advancement, but simply insist that he take treatment. As in tuberculosis, light cases are often self-curing—the victim may contract and conquer it without ever knowing he had it. In the inevitable periods of black depression there is always one of the five Franciscan brothers who live at the colony to go to for consolation, to strengthen the patient's faith in the future.

While tropical areas show heavy incidence of leprosy today, it is by no means exclusively a disease of hot climates. Dr. Pedro Balliña, professor of clinical dermatology and president of the Argentine Association of Dermatology and Syphilology, points out that Norway in 1856 had three thousand cases, a figure that fell to 1,800 in 1919. The disease is also found in the United States, and temperate Japan has what is perhaps the world's highest leprosy rate.

For thousands of years, leprosy has been cloaked in morbid misconceptions. The affliction was known as far back as ancient Egypt. Throughout the Middle Ages the leper's bell accompanied the warning cry "Unclean, unclean." In the crowded leper houses of those days it was taken for granted that the inmates were forever incurable. Stories and motion pictures like *Ben Hur* have portrayed lepers as black-shrouded figures cowering in corners. Moreover, it has long been a popular belief that leprosy afflicts only people who live lives of vice in filthy places. The case of María, who came from a clean, upright home, would seem to disprove this notion.

In modern times, scientists all over the world have studied the disease. The Norwegian physicians Carl Wilhelm Boeck and Daniel Cornelius Danielssen made important discoveries, and in 1871 their pupil, Armauer Hansen, found the bacillus that causes it. Though science has isolated the cause of the disease, so far it has not been cultivated in the laboratory. But leprosy is not now generally considered highly contagious, and many doctors believe that it is contracted only after prolonged contact. Yet mere mention of the word *leprosy* still makes most people cringe.

In the colonies themselves, the advent of promin has chased the shadows from the corners by changing the entire mental attitude of the patient. What impresses the visitor today is the cheerful atmosphere and the smiling faces reflecting the expectancy they all feel. They plan for the things they will do as soon as they are well. María herself attended farewell dinners for nearly a score of people she knew who left last year.

María considers herself fortunate. She recognized the symptoms soon enough to start immediate treatment. She is young. Promin is helping. No patches or ulcers have appeared on any part of her body. First thing each morning she receives her injection of promin. At other times she takes diasona, vitamins, and calcium.

Sanatorio Baldomero Sommer, where María lives, has a registry of seven hundred patients and a staff of 150. Opened in 1941, it is on a par with Carville, Louisiana,



Roberto and partner (shown here) bought carbonating machinery, run prosperous soft-drink business at colony



Almost every family home at Baldomero Sommer has own vegetable garden in front



Small patients homebound after day at colony school



Ripening oranges in colony's grove are inspected by sanitarian attendant

which progressive Dr. Fiol visited in March 1943 to inspect and to exchange ideas with U. S. specialists. An employee guards the gateway leading to the administration building and the colony beyond. Wire fences the whole area, but it is there to mark property boundaries rather than for confinement. The sick people prefer to remain where treatment and a chance to regain health are available.

As a precautionary measure, the farm products raised in the area of the colony are used only by the patients themselves. Even the chickens providing eggs are segregated from those that supply the table for the staff. The Hansenite, aware of the feeling a well person has toward him, is careful not to touch others. Yet they wholeheartedly wish that the shadows in the minds of their unafflicted fellows could be dissipated.

At one Saturday night dance María met Roberto. He was a handsome man, tall, dark-haired, with clean-cut features and warm brown eyes. They found they had many things in common: María had studied piano for several years, and Roberto had a fine voice.

They went often to the dances. Sometimes they went to the movies or for a late afternoon walk. Together they enjoyed classical dance and choral programs presented from time to time by professional entertainers from the outside.

Roberto and his roommate built a shop to make carbonated drinks for sale within the colony. With Dr. Fiol's help they got two thousand pesos' worth of equipment. Operating it by a foot lever, they make soda pop from fresh oranges. The bottle is then automatically capped, ready to dispense.

About a month ago I received a letter from María. She wrote that she and Roberto had gone to the capital to be married (no marriages are performed at the colony) and were back at the sanitarium, happily setting up housekeeping in their own little cottage. Again I made the one-hour trip by train and half-hour ride by cab to the colony, donned the white hospital frock, and passed through the gate between the administration grounds and the colony proper to see my friends.

In the colony flowers had been planted everywhere and the green lawns were assiduously trimmed. Several thousand new trees added to the appearance of the community. People passing on the broad avenues smiled as they exchanged greetings; some stood visiting in groups outside a front-yard gate. More than before, an atmosphere of people living a normal life prevailed. Before the private houses, well-tended vegetable gardens were in full crop and orange trees bore fruit. Sixteen new buildings, now nearing completion, will accommodate about three hundred new patients.

María hurried down the sidewalk in front of her home to meet me. She and Roberto both looked wonderful, though the battle they had been waging with the disease has left them both looking older. Their happiness radiates from their faces. They are proud of their own home, which they share with Roberto's mother and a woman friend, and which is so immaculate from kitchen to front yard that it fairly shines. Small ornaments of senti-

mental value, photos, and pictures adorn the simple living room. In the bedroom a radio sits on the bedside table and a religious image occupies the other corner. Roberto exhibited as much pride and interest as María when she took some new clothes—among them a skillfully knitted wool topcoat—from the closet to show me.

Then we went on a tour of their enterprises—their now flourishing soft-drink factory, the chicken pens and pig farm, where Roberto's partner in all his ventures was busy. A stocky *criollo* workhorse is their latest acquisition to help with hauling. Anyone willing to do the work may use the colony property to raise livestock and crops. Roberto, María, and their partner are apparently some of the busiest and most prosperous people there. And obviously they are enjoying their work.

They say, and Dr. Fiol confirms it, that both are classified as negative cases now—the bacillus is gone—but they must wait awhile to be sure. Both hope and expect to leave in about eighteen months. María wears tinted rather than dark glasses; the granulation of the skin is disappearing and she has lost the bloatedness that is a characteristic of the sickness. Roberto shows no evidence of the disease at all. When they are discharged, they plan to go into business in a new locale where no one knows them, for people are still afraid.

Dr. Fiol, too, looks more than a year older—and weary. Indefatigable in his work, he maintains a continuing high hope for his patients, transmitting a great deal of it to them. His first thoughts are for them and their treatment; just now he has started the new promastina treatment whereby a form of promin is administered intramuscularly. The colony itself is the realization of his biggest dream when, as a student eighteen years ago, with two other specialists, he planned and worked for it on trips through the provinces, examining all who might possibly be suspect. Today there are two thousand patients in Argentina's four leper colonies; three thousand more in hospitals would, in Dr. Fiol's opinion, take care of all the dangerous ones.

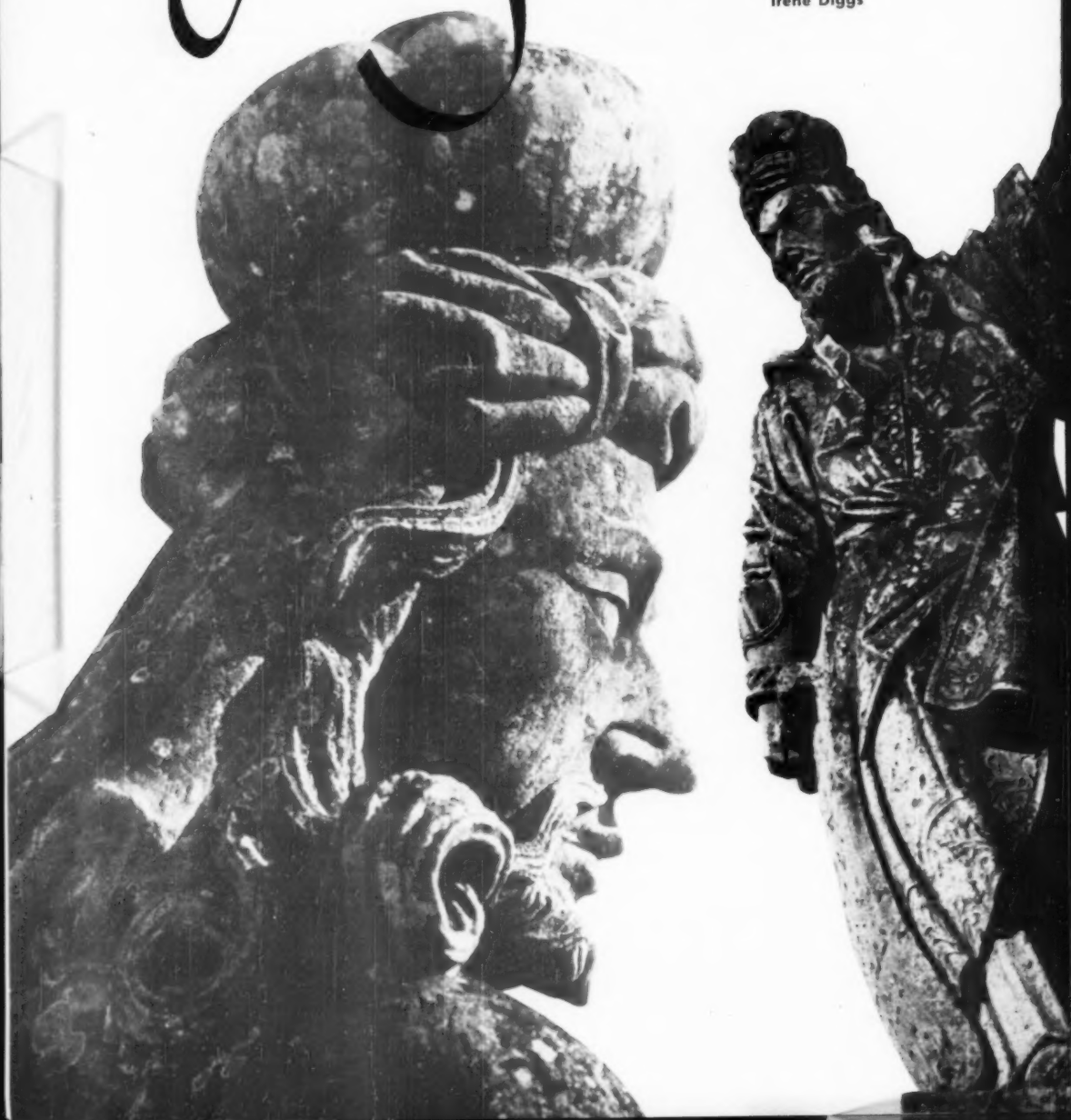
Argentina's incidence of leprosy is not considered high, particularly in comparison with other countries farther north where less money and effort are directed toward its control. Authorities in the field know that Argentina had three thousand cases in 1907 and say that the figure does not now exceed twelve thousand. Its control there through registration, care, and progressive treatment is among the best in the world today.

The sulfones are still no sure cure—to date they have arrested or helped make negative some active cases. For those who come soon enough for treatment, there is today good reason for hope. But they need the support of people who will do something better than shudder, close their eyes, and turn away. As long as men like Fiol and the unsung heroes in the laboratories continue to dedicate their lives to study and experiment, there is a very real possibility that more Marías and Robertos can look forward to a future.

For these two, these are days of keeping busy and of hiding time, until The Day. And there are plans and hope for a real tomorrow.

o Aleijadinho

Irene Diggs





Detail of painted and gilded wood
main altar in Church of St. Francis
of Assisi in Ouro Preto

Left: Figure of
Habbakuk and detail
(far left), one of
twelve prophets
carved by Aleijadinho
for church in Congonhas
do Campo, Brazil



Statue of the prophet Joel from
the Congonhas do Campo group

BORN A SLAVE IN THE CENTURY that saw the beginning of open rebellion against man's oppression of his fellows, and freed at his christening, Antônio Francisco Lisboa inaugurated the emancipation of Brazilian art. His urge to create was stronger than caste and despair, disease and suffering. Disinherited, himself a slave-holder and liberator of slaves, without worldly status or learning but possessed of genius, the eighteenth-century Negro sculptor carved examples of what the inquietude and sensitiveness of a new "race," a new culture, a new world might contribute despite Portuguese contempt and tradition.

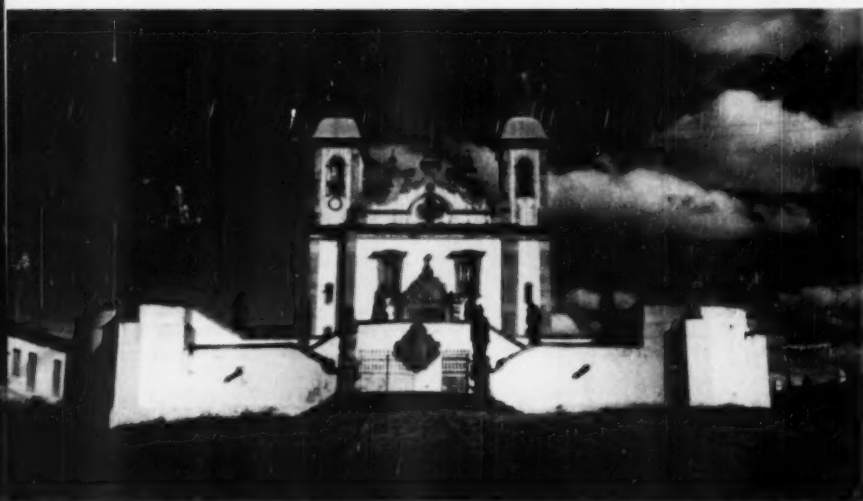
This rebel in art did not strive for the realistic perfection of European models. He neither imitated nor attempted to interpret Old World art. Kochnitsky says *O Aleijadinho* ("The Little Cripple"), as Lisboa was called, an "artist with an intuitive sense of distorting and interpreting reality, discovered anew the lost path of the African stylist."

Had Aleijadinho created nothing but the statues of the Prophets at Congonhas do Campo, he would have deserved a place in the history of the plastic arts. But there are other works that demonstrate the artistic maturity attained by this Brazilian sculptor from Minas Gerais Province. According to Mario de Andrade, he "summons forth the early Italian, sketches the Renaissance, is submerged in the Gothic, almost French at times, German almost always, Spanish for his mystic realism," and won a prominent place in the ranks of American artists.

By the middle of the sixteenth century, Bahia and Santos were already planning cathedrals. But it was not until the first years of the eighteenth century that art flowered in Minas Gerais. In Bahia, Olinda, Recife, and Belem, all along the coast, the tradition of borrowing from Portugal, although perhaps less strong than it had been, nevertheless tended to daunt the spirit of local architects and artisans. While the Bahians were still importing whole buildings from Lisbon in numbered pieces to be assembled in the New World, Aleijadinho was ornamenting the façade of the Church of Our Good Lord Jesus in Ouro Preto with Saint Michael wearing a native cacique headdress, and painting mestizo slave angels on the ceiling of the Church of St. Francis. He gave Christ Mongolian eyes and a Byzantine beard, and carved into Isaiah's face an expression that some interpret as drawn from the cruel and exploiting *bandeirantes*—Brazilian-born explorers, mostly from São Paulo and Santos, who colonized this region. Amos, the humble shepherd, wears a Siberian cap, Joel wears the *farão* of an Indian prince. For the Greek caryatids Aleijadinho substituted Indian and mestizo figures. When Indian and African civilizations met the culture patterns of the Portuguese social, religious, and military conquerors in seventeenth- and eighteenth-century Minas, the result was a strikingly individual, fertile, and varied artistic production. Transculturation did not merely yield combination, but rather created something different and profoundly original. Brazil was especially creative in architecture and sculpture, wood carving, and the minor arts of goldsmith and medalist—in everything except painting.

All of Aleijadinho's work carries the stamp of his

Right: Old portrait, presumably of Aleijadinho, shows one of his statues in background



Aleijadinho's prophets grace terrace of Sanctuary of Our Good Lord Jesus of Matosinhos, Congonhas do Campo



Relief carving of St. Anthony in St. Francis Church

undisciplined individualism, his rebellion against slavish copying of Portuguese art, his resentment of caste and slavery, and the not-to-be-forgotten disease that transformed Antônio Francisco Lisboa into the legendary Aleijadinho. Actually, it is hard to disassociate the Little Cripple's art from the disease that he suffered, just as it is difficult to separate deafness from Beethoven and his symphonies or Goya and his paintings. The exceptional creative force of this artist is rarely discussed without considering the physical tragedy and suffering that he may have attempted to conquer through sublimation in art.

Almost all the travelers who visited Minas during the nineteenth century—German, British, French—mentioned Antônio Francisco Lisboa. But probably the only one of the narrators who knew Aleijadinho personally was Captain Joaquim José da Silva. He lived in Mariana, a few miles from Ouro Preto. In his report to the governor on incidents of major importance, he compares Antônio Francisco Lisboa with Praxiteles.

There seems to be general agreement as to Aleijadinho's crippled condition, opinions differing only on the details. It is also generally agreed that Aleijadinho executed an enormous body of artistic work in spite of grave deformity, which may or may not have been exaggerated with the telling of the story.

In 1777, Antônio Lisboa was fulfilling the contract for the Church of the Third Order of St. Francis of Assisi, in Ouro Preto, when the mysterious disease that was to transform him into martyr and legend attacked him. Nevertheless, he continued to sign contracts for statuettes, entrances, other ornamental details for churches, and wood carvings. Far from destroying his genius, disease seemed to be a kind of stimulus for his artistic develop-

ment, indeed an important and decisive factor. Whatever it was—syphilis, leprosy, or something else—Aleijadinho, blighted and blasted, lived and worked 37 years after its symptoms first appeared.

The Little Cripple's awareness of the unpleasant impression he created made him intolerant, even irate, with those who seemed to him to stare. His antagonism against everyone was such that he resented even politeness or praise of his art. He worked in hiding, under a sort of awning, even inside the churches. It is written that he wore an overcoat of heavy blue cloth that reached below his knees, trousers and vest of the same material. Taking care lest strangers should see him, he acquired the habit of going to work at dawn and returning after sundown.

General Dom Bernardo José de Lorena, considering an image of Saint George too small, ordered the Little Cripple to be brought into his presence so he might be commissioned to make another. When José Romão, the general's aide, saw him, he exclaimed, "What an ugly man!" To which Antônio Francisco retorted, threatening to go away, "Is that the reason Your Excellency ordered me to come?" The general soon appeared and pacified the artist. They went into details. The general declared that the image had to be large, and as an example he pointed to his aide. Reportedly, when the artist finished the image everyone recognized it as a faithful likeness of José Romão, who, thinking along the same lines, attempted in vain to prevent its being carried in processions.

Aleijadinho practiced his art in the chapels of St. Francis of Assisi, Our Lady of Mount Carmel, Our Lady of Grace and Pardons of Cima, the Church of St. Joseph, and the Cathedral of Our Lady of Pilar in Ouro Preto;



Left: Christ Crowned with Thorns, one of the Stations of the Cross, Congonhas do Campo



Chastisement of Jeremiah, Altar, Church of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, Ouro Preto



Taking Christ Prisoner, scene carved in cedar wood, from Stations of the Cross in Congonhas do Campo church garden

the Church of the Third Order of Our Lady of Carmel in Sabará; the old Jacintho Manor; the Churches of the Third Order of St. Francis of Assisi and of Our Lady of Mount Carmel and the Cathedral in São João del Rei; the Cathedral of Congonhas do Campo, in addition to the Sanctuary of Our Good Lord Jesus of Matosinhos; Our Lady of the Immaculate Conception in Jagoára; the Cathedral of São João do Morro Grande, and elsewhere.

Aside from those works that are of questionable authorship, there still remain the twelve prophets, the 66 figures of the Stations of the Cross, the altars, the fountains, the portals, panels, and pulpits. It is precisely in these works, sometimes unfinished, that the genius and originality of Aleijadinho are revealed. Perhaps the most remarkable figure of artistic life in colonial America, the Little Cripple is certainly the most representative artist of old Brazil.

It is in sculptures and carvings, not in the construction of edifices, that Aleijadinho left his most abundant work and in which he excelled. It is believed that Aleijadinho worked uninterruptedly at his chosen profession until 1810, four years before his death. Like other artisans of his time, he probably began working by the day for other *mestres* at a very early age, designing, painting, carving, engraving, casting, learning.

The facts of Aleijadinho's life are meager, shrouded and threaded with myth and legend. Yet it is a life of fascination and charm. Brêtas and most of Lisboa's biographers give August 29, 1730, as the date of the Little Cripple's birth, but Marianno gives 1738. There is also some controversy as to the identity of his father. All are agreed that Aleijadinho was a mulatto, the son of an African- or Brazilian-born Negro slave named Isabel and that he was liberated on the occasion of his

baptism. At 47, Aleijadinho had a natural son whom he named Manuel after his grandfather.

In 1795 or 1796, at the request of Brother Vicente Freire de Andrade, administrator of the Sanctuary of Our Good Lord Jesus of Matosinhos in Congonhas do Campo, Aleijadinho undertook the *Via Crucis* project, which, according to Christian tradition, was to consist of a series of Stations portraying the chief episodes in the passion of Christ. Aleijadinho already had a recognized reputation for his carving of the human body and for sacred ornamentation. For the Church of St. Francis of Assisi of Ouro Preto he had done the statue of the priest in the fountain of the sacristy; the statues of Christ, the Father, and the bust of Our Lady of the Immaculate Conception in the capping of the altarpiece of the main chapel; as well as the statues of the Doctors, the statues of the Fates and the Angel of the Resurrection, and the bas-reliefs for the pulpits, the fountain, and the portal of the same church. He also had made similar contributions to other Minas churches: the statue of St. George for the Cathedral of Our Lady of Pilar; statues of St. Simon Stock and St. John of the Cross, the bas-reliefs of the pulpits of the Church of Our Lady of Mount Carmel in Sabará; medallions for the churches of São João del Rei and Ouro Preto. No other Minas artist of the eighteenth century had better credentials than Aleijadinho for doing statues of the whole human body, or carving in relief.

The initial contract for the six groups for the chapels in the garden called for a total of 66 statues, slightly less than "natural" or life size. The exact order in which they were done is not known, but some critics feel the statues for the Lord's Supper may have been completed

(Continued on page 44)



9000 miles on a bike



Marathon cyclist Alvaro Zabala of Colombia in Darién jungles on trip to the States

DESPITE ALL THE PROGRESS that has been made on the Pan American Highway in recent years, there are still gaps comprising some of the roughest jungle and mountain territory on the face of the earth. Only a few men have ever driven cars from South to North America, and these had to skirt the worst sections by sea. No one has ever come all the way by bicycle—no one, that is, except a slim, dark-eyed youth from Colombia.

Alvaro Zabala is a quiet, almost bashful young man of 25 who works as a bookkeeper on a hacienda near the small town of Armero, a suburb of Bogotá. His friends would never have suspected during the past five years that a fantastic scheme was shaping up inside his head. They knew that for a year he had been taking weekend bicycle trips to various parts of Colombia, but figured he was only trying to break the monotony of a bookkeeper's life.

Those trips, however, were a vital part of Alvaro's preparations. They took him to every variety of climate, from the bitter cold of the Andean heights to the steaming lowlands. And they built up his endurance until he could easily cycle fifty miles a day.

Finally, he decided he was ready and went to see his employer about a six-months' leave of absence. The hacienda owner was horrified when he heard of the boy's plans. "Do you know how many people have gone into the jungles of southern Panama and never come out?" he asked.

"Yes," was the calm answer, "but I'm ready to take my chances. I want to help put Colombian sports on the map. Besides, we ordinary Americans in all the countries ought to get acquainted. And I intend to."

"Well, if that's the way you feel, I can't stop you," said the *hacendado*, looking at Alvaro as though he never expected to see him again.

At 6:30 a.m. on January 3, 1950, Alvaro Zabala rode into Bogotá to begin his journey to the United States. Strapped to his Raleigh bicycle were leather bags containing a few changes of clothing, mosquito netting, a machete, a camera, and provisions for six days. The provisions included a few cans of fish and meat, packets of powdered coffee and milk, and canteens of coffee and water. Like the early explorers, he also carried inexpensive perfumes and trinkets to exchange with the Indians for food. He had \$250 in his pocket.

The most adventurous part of the trip came at the beginning, for it was during the first fortnight that Alvaro traversed the forest-covered mountains and lowlands of Colombia's Chocó Territory and Darién in Panama. For more than two hundred miles he had to hack his own trail with his machete and carry his bicycle. In some areas he was lucky if nightfall found him fifteen miles beyond the point where he'd been at sunup. Once his provisions were gone, he had to eat bananas and whatever other food he could find.

The Indians he encountered along the way, especially

the Cunas of Panama, were friendly and helpful. They fed him, showed him trails where any existed, and, although many of them had never seen a camera before, obligingly followed directions and snapped the pictures that would prove he had been there.

One day, as Alvaro was making his way through dense underbrush, he felt a sudden sharp pain in his left leg. Too late, he saw a poisonous snake slithering away into the shadows. Struggling to keep calm, he fished in his bag for one of the ampules of serum he had brought for just such an emergency, and quickly gave himself an injection. For a miserable 24 hours it looked as though the trip would end right there. But the serum did its work, and by the second day he was on his way once more.

Some nights he spent in tiny villages, sharing the thatched hut of one of the Indian families. Often he was entertained on a sultry tropical evening by a local dance that few outsiders had ever seen. Other nights he slept in makeshift palm-leaf shelters he built himself, alone with the trees and the muffled jungle noises. At the rivers—the Atrato, the Cacarica, the Tuira—he hired boatmen in long dugout canoes to get him and his *compañero*, as he called the bike, across.

Sixteen days after leaving Bogotá, Alvaro arrived in Panama City, convinced that his troubles were over. Then he came down with malaria, which landed him in the hospital.

Back on his feet after a few days, he reconditioned the bike and was off. Panama's western section of the Pan American Highway is completed as far as Volcán, so except for the mountainous terrain—nothing new to him after the Colombian Andes—the going was relatively easy for a while. But from Volcán (thirty miles below the Costa Rican border) to San Isidro del General (ninety miles beyond the border) there is another gap marked "impassable" on the maps. Alvaro found a bridle path to follow, but had to carry his bike most of the way. It took him six days to get through that stretch.

From San Isidro the highway took him past well-kept plantations to San José, the Costa Rican capital. From there on, Alvaro's photograph album and journal are more like those of any traveler through Central America, telling a story of gorgeous scenery, ancient cathedrals, teeming markets, modern buildings.

Everywhere people amazed him with their friendliness. He seldom had to worry about where the next meal was coming from or where he would put up for the night. Most often those who helped him were members of cycling groups, who put him up in their clubhouses and rode along with him through their localities. Alvaro collected names and addresses and plans to keep in touch with all these new friends by mail.

He entered Nicaragua on the thirteenth of March, El Salvador on the nineteenth. Then he found himself pedaling through market towns in Guatemala, photographing beautiful Indian women with baskets on their heads, and fighting off the urge to acquire some of the textiles and handicrafts he saw everywhere.

On April 1 he crossed the Mexican border at Ayutla,

Friendly Indian takes bike across Cacarica River in dugout canoe. Photos on this page from Alvaro's book of snapshots

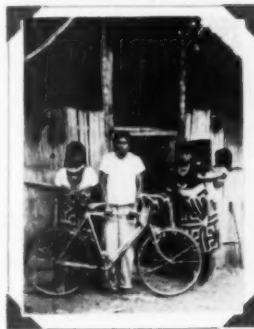


Pan American Highway under construction in Department of Antioquia, Colombia

Indians entertained Alvaro with regional dances few outsiders had ever seen



Cuna Indians of Darién pose with Alvaro's sturdy compañero



Member of Honduran cycling club conveys Alvaro from Tegucigalpa to San Salvador





U. S. Boy Scouts with Alvaro at Washington's Smithsonian Institution, where cyclist deposited bike for posterity

Chiapas, and pedaled over the new Christopher Columbus Highway to the capital in ten days. Following a few days of sightseeing in Mexico City, he was off again, cycling through spectacular mountain scenery on the Central Plateau, down into more jungle territory, but this time on a good road all the way. On through lush valleys covered with orange groves, sugar-cane fields, and banana plantations, then up through the mountains around Monterrey and across Mexico's northern desert to Laredo, which he reached on April 27.

In the United States he ran up against a new obstacle—language trouble. He had studied English for a short time on the hacienda and could read it a little, but he couldn't cope with the spoken word. He bought a small Spanish-English dictionary, and whenever it became necessary to say anything, he had to whip it out and look up the words one at a time.

As in Central America, he was treated hospitably almost everywhere, feted by sports clubs, entertained in people's homes. Newspapers in many cities sent reporters to try to interview him in spite of their helplessness in Spanish. The result was that Alvaro was said to have come from about six different countries, traveled a great variety of routes, and had some even more fantastic adventures than the real ones. Poor Alvaro could only wonder as he looked at the clippings if his reading knowledge of English was as inadequate as his ability to speak it.

From Texas he cycled his way through Oklahoma, Kansas, Missouri, Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, and Michigan. "The people of the United States," he wrote in his journal, "earn a lot of money because they work hard and produce a lot." He admired "the high level of culture, the comfortable way of living, the freedom that exists for everyone." In this country, he observed, "anyone who has a new idea or wants to study and make something of himself gets help."

After going through some of the automobile factories in Detroit, he crossed the border into Windsor, Canada, and cycled through southern Ontario to Niagara Falls,

then back into the United States at Buffalo. Next came a hard trip through the Catskills, the toughest mountains he had encountered since leaving Mexico.

At ten o'clock on the morning of June 2, Alvaro arrived in New York. "The city is unbelievably huge," he wrote in his journal that day, "and the traffic is thick and dangerous." He managed to get safely to the Colombian Consulate, and his compatriots there saw to it that he had a full schedule during the three weeks of his stay.

On the twenty-third, nine thousand miles and three sets of tires after leaving Bogotá, he pedaled into Washington, D. C. There he called on Dr. Alberto Lleras, Secretary General of the Organization of American States. He also presented his bicycle to the Smithsonian Institution. A group of wide-eyed Boy Scouts, in Washington on their way to the jamboree at Valley Forge, looked on as the *compañero* was placed in a special case along with a placard telling about this first trip by bicycle from South to North America. The canteens and leather bags still clung to the handlebars, and weatherbeaten flags Alvaro had collected in the countries through which he passed were strung along the frame.

"Are you going to get another bike and go back the way you came?" someone asked Alvaro. "No," he said soberly. "My leave of absence is almost up, so I'm going back by ship. But I'd certainly like to. I know a lot more now than I did when I started out. The return trip would be easy."—*M.G.R.*

"Whew! It was a tough trip, but I made it!" Alvaro winds up his trek in nation's capital





in the Caribbean

LAST JULY 3, the motor schooner *Angelita* was returned to the Government of the Dominican Republic by the Cuban Government. This incident seems insignificant. The ship is just one of those small vessels that ply Caribbean waters in the inter-island trade. But it was important, for it was one more step toward the consolidation of peace and good relations among the nations of this vast region—peace and good relations that, scarcely a year ago, were so seriously threatened as to bring about intervention by the OAS Council. The same month of July saw another step in the execution of the Council's recommendations, with the reestablishment of normal diplomatic relations between the Dominican Republic and Haiti, beginning with the naming and accepting of a new Ambassador to Haiti from the Dominican Republic.

These two facts have caused great satisfaction among those thoroughly acquainted with the intricate background of the difficulties resolved by the frank and brilliant action of the OAS Council. They did not occur in time to be included in the report rendered to the American Governments on June 30 by the Special Committee for the Caribbean, named by the Council when it terminated its action as Organ of Consultation. But the

Committee's report did mention a series of favorable developments, among them the expression, by the Governments of Cuba, Haiti, Guatemala, and the Dominican Republic, of their resolute intention to make every contribution within their power toward accomplishment of the purposes that inspired the resolutions of the Organ of Consultation.

Those resolutions (see "The Secret of Peace," AMERICAS, June 1950) were based on the Council's conclusions after examining the report of the Investigating Committee that visited Cuba, Guatemala, Haiti, and the Dominican Republic. The Council declared that the facts verified by the Investigating Committee, from among those charged against the Government of the Dominican Republic by Haiti, were contrary to norms contained in several inter-American agreements and in the OAS Charter. It expressed satisfaction that the Dominican Republic had repealed the war powers granted to the Executive Power shortly before, citing this as evidence of a clear intention to maintain peace and to avoid any repetition of such acts as the report had established. It requested the Government of the Dominican Republic to take measures to prevent government officials from tolerating, instigating, aiding, or fomenting subversive or seditious movements against other Governments. It asked Haiti and the Dominican Republic to make every effort to avoid the continuation of any systematic and hostile propaganda and to reestablish and strengthen their good relations with each other.

In the second case, brought before it by the Dominican Republic, the Council declared that certain officials of the Governments of Cuba and Guatemala had lent aid to movements organized on the territory of those countries with the purpose of overthrowing the Government of the Dominican Republic, and that these facts were contrary to principles set forth in various inter-American agreements. It likewise declared that acts on the part of the Dominican Republic, set forth in the Committee's report, were evidently contrary to the standards of harmonious inter-American relations subscribed to by all the American Governments, and also that the declarations formulated by the Chief Executives of the respective countries were a guarantee against future recurrence of acts of this kind. On the basis of these conclusions, it requested all the governments involved to take a series of measures to reestablish peace and good relations among them. One of these measures was precisely that of recommending that the Governments of Cuba and the Dominican Republic continue their bilateral negotiations to settle the controversy that arose between them as a result of the Cayo Confites incident, one aspect of which was the question of returning the motor schooner *Angelita*.

At a time when peaceful settlements are becoming more difficult to attain in the world at large and decisions of international organizations must be imposed by the use of force, it is gratifying to note that the juridical system of the American States has the full support of the governments. The effects are far-reaching because of the good faith with which the members receive recommendations of the competent organs created to assure peace and solidarity.



UNKNOWN ISLAND

FRIENDS OF Colombian writer Próspero Morales Pradilla must have behaved as if he were returning from another planet when he came home from a stay in Cuba. For, writing an article about the place for *Revista de América*, he calls it "the unknown island."

"The long, fish-shaped Antillean island of Cuba has an indelible glow of liberty that reflects a pale face dominated by a thick, uneven mustache. For Cubans José Martí is, simply, the apostle—a lay saint to whom all democracy's banners are raised. More than that, he is the innermost force in their national life, the basis for their philosophy, their merciless discussion of problems, their overthrow of tyrannies. . . . That is why Cuba, even when assailed by political cyclones, preserves one of the national characteristics most loved by the apostle: in every anti-democratic tempest, she is an outpost of freedom. Whatever the ills awaiting correction, her internal life is a never-ending cult of independence of spirit. She defends the highest ideals of democracy abroad and gives bread to wanderers who come in search of refuge after suffering persecution in their own lands.

"It is about time Cuba became a full member of America's spiritual society. She has turned her back on South America and, for our part, all we South Americans know of Cuba is her folkloric discoveries. To the 'average' Cuban, a trifle French in his inoffensive chauvinism, there are only three countries outside Cuba worth

his attention—the United States, Spain, and Mexico. The rest of the world is a vast expanse of darkness. The blackest stretch, of course, is South America, where only Venezuela (because the apostle lived there, and the Venezuelans play baseball) can be located on the map with any precision. Distinguished colleagues of mine at the University of Havana used to ask me the most disconcerting questions about Columbia—or Colombia, as I would tell them to no avail. A lawyer once wanted me to give him a description of San José [Costa Rica], 'that Columbian city near Panama.' I was aware also of the Cuban students' astonishment when Professor Fernández Camus, dean of the Havana law school, told them what our countries were really like on his return from South America.

"On the other hand, to South Americans, the Pearl of the Antilles is just a nebulous land of rumbas. Havana's attraction for them is purely sensual, as if it were a night club with streets. I still remember the curious letter a friend in Bogotá sent me: 'This will introduce So-and-so. Do me the favor of corrupting him in Havana.'

"But Cuba is not what my Bogotá friend's letter indicates. Under the protection of Martí's unconditional freedom, a talkative, effusive, open-hearted, and very good people lives there. The envy that corrodes the spirit of other peoples does not chafe the Cuban, who is the most obliging of neighbors. Favors are performed without ceremony, to be sure, but with such sincerity! The manners of Versailles are alien to the Cuban; he pre-

fers a frankness that may easily be mistaken for impertinence. Only in Havana does one find a man giving his streetcar seat to another man so he may sit with his lady companion. If his way of offering it is not courtly, it is effective. 'Look, fellow,' he will say, 'sit down here so this woman won't have to ride alone.'

"One circumstance that obliges Cuba to become a vital part of America is an intellectual ferment almost unknown in the southern regions of the continent. The South American customarily arrives in Havana with the leaden conviction that he will find a mental desert. Little by little, he begins to overcome his prejudices. He discovers that the Havana Philharmonic is superior to most Latin American orchestras; that the concert-goers at the Auditorium know how to appreciate, distinguish, grasp, reject, and applaud with artistic competence; that every day hundreds of people gather in the Lyceum, the Ateneo, and other halls to listen attentively to lectures on the most varied subjects; that the experimental theaters, private and semi-official, produce the best work of classic and modern playwrights; that Cuban literary figures are exponents of American intellectualism that might be envied by the most demanding and highly cultured countries.

"Cuba has developed a powerful and Martí-like awareness. Liberty, equality, fraternity have taken firm root. Few republics in the heterogeneous conglomeration that Martí called 'our America' have such a robust civic conscience. The uninformed

tourist perhaps notices only the more tangled aspects of politics, without realizing the people's creative drive, the liberality of their institutions, and their extraordinary spirit of progress, symbolized by the way they band together in social-improvement groups—parents' clubs, neighborhood associations, public-health organizations, and so on."

In short, "these notes are an attempt to awaken in Colombians a salutary interest in the land of Martí," and an expression of hope that "Cubans will overcome their indifference to the culture, the landscapes, and the men of South America."

THE WORLD WE LIVE IN

El Campesino is a Guatemalan answer to the question: how does a small country, most of whose farmers have had little schooling and are accustomed to working their tiny patches the way their ancestors did centuries ago, go about improving its agriculture? Published monthly by the Ministry of Agriculture, the magazine deals for the most part with practical problems of what to grow, when to plant, how to do this or that. But its lead article is a simply written, educational essay on a broader topic. Like this one, explaining to the farmer how he fits into the world picture:

"Every day fifty thousand babies are born in the world—fifty thousand more mouths to feed and bodies to clothe. To feed and clothe one person, it takes at least two and a half acres of arable land. One can exist on less, but the result is a person undernourished and poorly clothed.

"Rich nations have a high percentage of citizens who live comfortably. When countries do not have enough land to work, then they concentrate on industry, mining, and other crafts, and use the returns from what they sell to buy food from agricultural nations; this is the case in overpopulated Europe, which is dependent on Argentine and North American food. But there are other countries, such as China and Pakistan, which do not have the good fortune to be industrialized, nor have they progressed sufficiently to make the best use of their land, mines, rivers, and other natural

resources; and then their populations are so large that their wheat and cotton cannot provide food and clothing for all.

"Although America is composed of young nations, there are already overpopulated regions and countries where the inhabitants wage a constant struggle for existence. For example, Haiti and El Salvador as nations and the highlands of Guatemala as a region.

"In 1949 there were two and a quarter billion people in the world, but only about four and a quarter billion acres under cultivation. This means 1,375,000,000 acres short of what was needed to feed and clothe the world population. So at least five hundred million human beings suffer from hunger and cold and end up as easy prey for disease. There is much uncultivated land, but unfortunately the countries that have it need capital to clear it; to construct roads, bridges, houses for settlers; to pay for machinery, irrigation, and other costly investments. Therefore, they advance very slowly against the deserts and the forests according to their means, as in Latin America.

"The world was shocked when these facts became known at the end of the last century, realizing the bitter truth that there wouldn't be enough bread

for all. But, luckily, scientific progress warded off the catastrophe. Plant varieties that produced a much larger crop than those formerly cultivated were developed, fertilizers were improved. The resulting better use of the land, together with better machinery, made it possible for the world to go on sustaining human life.

"By 1970, our planet will have 2,700,000,000 human beings. Will it be able to feed everyone? This depends largely on better soil management in countries where farming is still very primitive.

"According to the experts, if erosion continues at the same rate as now and if man keeps on destroying nature's resources, we will have more hunger instead of more bread, and fertile lands will turn into barren untitled areas. One way of avoiding this is to bring up a generation that knows how to work the soil—that is, to teach the youth of today so that the men of tomorrow will manage to save in time the land bled by the exploitive men of yesterday. Of course it is impossible to convert every school into an agricultural school to send out experts. Still, one can teach and, above all, have put into practice the basic knowledge that will steer the future worker of the land himself onto the right road and enable him to go on learning according to his needs.

"Because of the difficult food situation throughout the world, all of us without exception should try to increase production, both for our own consumption and for sale. There are many ways of doing so. Planting up to the last bit of ground at home, at school, and wherever else it can be done. . . . Destroying in the home, in the field, in the city, and everywhere else the harmful insects that attack and ruin our crops, our granaries, and our own larders. Learning the basic methods for better management of the soil and teaching them to all who don't know them. Planting trees and constantly protecting them. Helping to keep the roads passable, filling holes or repairing washouts. Fashioning any tool, no matter how small, that will help to develop agriculture or industry. Curing the sick so they can soon go back to work in the fields. Cooperating with the country's agricultural authorities in whatever they advise.



Policeman: "What have you got in that suitcase?" Suspicious character: "I don't know yet."—*Diario de Yucatán, from Novedades (Mexico City)*



Putting out every fire that threatens a pasture or a forest—our national heritage. Maintaining bridges so that food and goods can be kept moving to the towns.

"In short, there are countless ways of contributing directly or indirectly to the development of production—not least, making war on liquor, which causes the loss of many man-hours in agricultural work."

DROOPING WATCHES AND DURAN

EITHER FOR THE SAKE of getting a little consistency into the proceedings or just to lessen the ennui of all concerned, a Mexican professor recently turned an M.A. examination into a candidate's nightmare. Faced with a thesis on "Surrealism in Modern Spanish Poetry," Tabascan poet Carlos Pellicer, head of the panel, decided to give a Surrealist examination. The events that followed are reported in the news weekly *Hispanoamericano*:

"As night fell on the College of Philosophy and Letters of the National University (on Wednesday, May 31), young Manuel Durán Gili, ready for his examination for Master of Language and Literature with a major in Spanish literature, little suspected the practical joke that had been prepared for him. The objections that Professors Amancio Bolaños Isla, Ida Appendini, José Luis Martínez, and Manuel González Montesinos made to Durán Gili's thesis were severe and at times almost without mercy. González Montesinos, for example, told the perplexed examinee that, instead of citing a phrase from Mallarmé as an introduction to his thesis, he should have confessed frankly: 'I'm asking you to accept the idea that a cat has three legs, when we already know it has four.' But the harshest criticism was made by Pellicer.

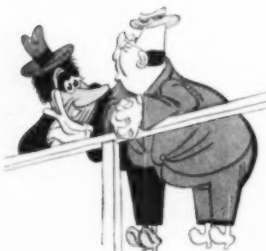
"He came to the examination carrying a beach bag. He started by taking out of it a pair of binoculars with which he kept looking very seriously

at the student, sometimes from one end, sometimes from the other, while he exclaimed, according to which way he was holding the binoculars: 'Mr. Durán: I see things up close; I see things at a distance.' Then he produced a plaster cast of an ear, such as they use in art schools, and he put it in front of his ear like an ear trumpet, saying: 'With this outfit, although its usefulness has not been proved, I am going to hear you.' And, taking huge bites from a candy skull, he said: 'We Mexicans are the only people who eat death itself. Later I will tell you over the telephone how it tastes.'

"Things kept coming out of the beach bag, as if a juggler were trying to amuse an audience with them. Displaying a talent for which he had not been known in academic circles, Pellicer took out a stuffed lizard around thirty inches long. 'The first thing we have to find out,' he said with a straight face, 'is whether it has a full set of teeth.' With the help of a flashlight he examined the lizard and, in a moment, exclaimed: 'Yes, they're all there.'

"Then two toy airplanes appeared. 'These are to raise the level of the discussion and to speed it up,' explained the poet. Pellicer skillfully took out from these toys four other smaller ones, and gleefully presented them to the examinee as if officiating at a painless delivery. Then he ran up the scale on a mouth organ, and stopped suddenly on a strident note, saying: 'Take the pitch, Mr. Durán: that is precisely the tone of this discussion.'

"The surprise of the audience which filled Kant Hall was mounting, while the unprepared Durán squirmed. When he answered some of the questions, affirming that Surrealism is the opposite of academicism, Pellicer interrupted him, citing the fact that a Surrealist poet—Aleixandre—had been admitted as a member of the Spanish Royal Academy of Language, and he explained this by a derogatory reference to the Academy. . . .



Lino Palacio reports on racetrack gentry in magazine *Argentina*. From top: This fellow's study of dope sheets, daily papers, is based on Pythagorean table, law of relativity, splitting of atom; he differs from other mortals in that he loses scientifically. . . . The one with the equipment of a leading turfman—Havana cigar, binoculars, stopwatch—awakens to reality at window, lays down two-dollar bet. . . . The one who forgets he's not alone. . . . Tout knows jockey, trainer, horse's family, a'ways finds someone naïve enough to exchange a few bet tickets for inside tip

"Despite these picturesque incidents—the like of which had never before occurred in the history of the university—and the shock that Durán sustained for two and a half hours, he received his degree *cum laude* and the congratulations of the board on what Pellicer called one of the best examinations he had ever witnessed."

TO BALANCE A DEBT

WHAT IS AN INDIAN? United States law says he is a person descended from Indians who belongs to a tribe recognized by the federal government as under its jurisdiction. Canadian law is similar. But such a definition is too narrow to satisfy anthropologists and sociologists. As Ecuadorean sociologist Pío Jaramillo Alvarado puts it in the *Revista de la Casa de la Cultura Ecuatoriana*, it implies that "one stops being an Indian when the legal conditions for being one no longer exist."

Of all the experts' definitions cited by Jaramillo, the one that most nearly summarizes the present trend of thought is Mexican anthropologist Alfonso Caso's: "He is Indian who feels that he belongs to an Indian community. An Indian community is one in which non-European physical characteristics predominate, an Indian language is spoken perfectly, Indian material and spiritual elements of culture are found in great proportion, and, finally, there is the sense of being distinct from the white and mestizo communities that surround it."

In any case, Jaramillo feels, even a definition that pleased everyone would not really solve the problem. A useful definition makes it easier to help the Indian community and protect its rights, but what of those who are not part of a recognizable tribe? "Alongside the community of Indians there still remain the peons of the hacienda, without land or wage, living miserably on *huasipungos*—parcels belonging to the landholder, almost always arid—taking shelter in filthy hovels with their hungry families. What social and legal help is there for them? The law has abolished *concertaje* (the system of contract labor whereby a worker was kept virtually tied to the hacienda because of debts he could never pay); but *concertaje* exists, because the Indian has been abandoned by society.

"As a matter of fact, the tribal Indian belongs almost to a privileged class, compared with the dispersed contract peons of the haciendas. The legal existence of the Indian community is recognized; the use of its land, water for irrigation, and pasture have been regulated. The communal lands always represented the Indian's bulwark in the face of plunder. . . . As recorded in history, the greatest Indian uprisings were always those of the communities, and always in defense of their lands. Only the contract peon of the hacienda has no protection, and even to define him is a problem. How shall the exploited Indian outside the community be protected? By parceling out idle lands, and organizing co-operatives for agriculture and small industry."

Moreover, "even if it is not possible really to define the Indian, it is necessary to determine what is Indian in the American atmosphere, what has survived—what contribution the American native has made to world culture, and the results of intermarriage in science and the arts." After all, despite the humble position into which the Indians were forced, "the chronicles of the Conquest bear witness to the high level of culture attained by the Aztecs and Incas; and new archeological investigations of the ruins of the Maya cities in Yucatán and the Chavin cities in Peru prove that thousands of years ago civilizations comparable to that of Greece flourished there. The museums in which their relics are kept present the evidence of the native Americans' artistic capacity.

"Julio Tello, that Indian archeologist of frightening erudition, has written: 'The supposed inferiority of the Indian is not ethnic, but circumstantial. . . . He knows that a mountain of prejudice weighs on him, and he is the victim of a false and suicidal conviction of inferiority and impotence against the superiority of the person who possesses or seems to possess European civilization.'" This feeling started with the Conquest and hardened permanently, Jaramillo believes, with the Laws of the Indies which, "theoretically favorable to the Indian, established race discrimination without ambiguity . . . creating the complex that still prevails and must be extinguished."

The independence leaders tried. The proclamation issued by General José de San Martín on August 27, 1821, in one of his first acts as Protector of Peru, was one of a flurry of similar documents. San Martín declared:

After right and justice have been recovered in Peru, it would be a crime to allow the aborigines to remain sunk in the moral degradation to which the Spanish Government had reduced them, and continue paying the shameful levy imposed by the tyranny with the name of "tribute," as a sign of dominion.

I therefore declare: (1) That . . . the impost called "tribute" is hereby abolished; (2) that no authority may now collect the amounts owed for the payments which should have been made by the end of last year; (3) that agents for the collection of this impost shall make an accounting of their receipts to date to the president of their respective departments; (4) that henceforward the aborigines shall not be called Indians or natives; they are sons and citizens of Peru and should be known by the name "Peruvians."

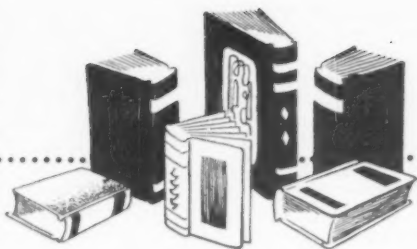
Jaramillo himself wonders whether the term *Indian* ought not to have been "systematically suppressed" in laws dealing with the American aborigines, since it is both "inaccurate and suggestive of racial discrimination."

Others would go even further. In a 1945 statement, Luis Valcárcel and Jorge Calera Vásquez—at the time Education Ministers of Peru and Bolivia—expressed their belief that "the Indian ought not to be incorporated into civilized life, which is the principle accepted by most of the agencies dealing with the problem. [In our opinion] it is Western civilization which ought to be incorporated into Indian life, respecting and enriching the great virtues of this group that has contributed brilliantly to world culture."

Jaramillo believes with ex-President Lázaro Cárdenas of Mexico that "the program for emancipation of the Indian is in essence the program for emancipation of the lower classes of any country, but without forgetting the special conditions of the antecedents and their real and pressing needs. . . ." In short, that perhaps the best way of "focusing on Indian problems is from the point of view of the American rural masses, in which Indian man and culture are the vital nucleus."

"Only in this way," he concludes, "can we avoid falling into the error of Father Las Casas, who tried to liberate the Indian, and substituted for his slavery that of the Negro."

BOOKS



BOOK TRAFFIC IN THE CONQUEST

DR. IRVING A. LEONARD's *Books of the Brave* is an account of the dual role of books and men in Spain's conquest and settlement of the sixteenth-century New World. The work is a product of arduous research and scholarly evaluations, based largely on frayed and fragmentary lists of books shipped through the House of Trade at Seville 350 years and more ago. Its usefulness for Hispanist and bibliophile is obvious. More than that, its unexpectedly delightful narrative transforms twentieth-century readers into a fascinated audience—almost participants—of the venturous course of sixteenth-century overseas book trade: its scope, its methods, its astonishing success.

From the Crombergers, Seville's publishers when that city was the publishing center of the Peninsula and one of the most important in the world, from the lesser printing shops of Castile and Aragon, mule trains carried boxes of books to the House of Trade storage sheds beside the Guadalquivir. Before 1550, these books were treated much like any other merchandise. Thereafter, the law required them to be examined and the titles checked against the Index of prohibited works. Boxes passing inspection were stamped with the seal of the Holy Office and loaded for the long voyage out to the Spanish Indies. Most shipments were consigned to agents in Panama or New Spain, who would forward them by land and sea to their ultimate destinations. Some boxes would be put off at Puerto Rico, Santo Domingo, Cuba. In one shipment, a dealer might send as many as eighty boxes of books, as few as one or two. In January 1601 a single dealer sent out a total of ten thousand volumes, an order that would elate any 1950 publisher.

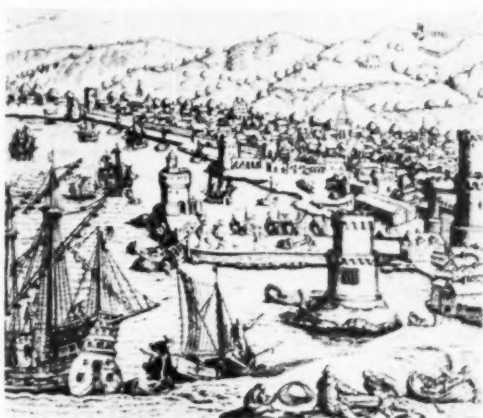
With the help of ancient shipping lists, each presenting its own special problem of decipherability or puzzlement, Dr. Leonard traces a shipment from source to destination and considers the psychological aspects of its impact.

He explains his purpose as threefold. First it is "to explore the possible influence of a popular form of contemporary fiction" on the minds, attitudes, and actions of the sixteenth-century Spaniard. That form is the romance of chivalry, whose vogue he compares variously and convincingly to the modern role of the detective novel as sophisticated escape fiction, to the Alger books as an incentive to unsophisticated youth, and to *Uncle Tom's Cabin* as a suprisingly dynamic agent in shaping opinion and action. The author quotes Bernal Diaz del Castillo to indicate the popularity of the romances with the

soldiers of the Conquest, and he cites landing *visitas* (customs inspections) to prove that in 1605 the first edition of *Don Quijote* was not only boxed in a ship's hold but read by passengers in the cabins. However—and this is important—Dr. Leonard also shows by the shipping lists that, in spite of the demand for romances of chivalry, light literature and secular non-fiction constituted a relatively small part of book traffic with the colonies, in which ecclesiastical works were strongly predominant.

Dr. Leonard admirably achieves his second objective—"to describe the mechanics of the associated book trade in the New World, including the related legislation and

Below: Books were shipped to Spanish colonies from Seville wharf. From Books of the Brave



Right: Sixteenth-century map of Manila Bay. Illustration for Professor Leonard's volume

routines of shipping and conveying these wares to purchasers in the Western Hemisphere." Interweaving the drama of adventure in book publishing and distribution into patterns as realistic as they are brilliant, he makes every detail interesting to the reader.

For his third purpose, Dr. Leonard demonstrates "the universal diffusion of Spanish literary culture throughout the Hispanic world of the great age." As proof of the extent of book distribution during the period, he devotes eight of his twenty chapters to discussing lists of books shipped to colonial repositories. While the fragmentary nature of existing records makes impossible exact, or even approximate, statistics, it is clearly evident, from Dr. Leonard's research—both here and for his previous publications—that thousands of volumes crossed annually from Spain to the Americas.

In spite of the persistence on the printed page and in the human mind of falsification and error, this means that the "relatively free circulation of books in the former colonies of Spain, a fact hitherto obscured by prejudice and misapprehension," is finally, after so long a time, established beyond question.—*Muna Lee*

BOOKS OF THE BRAVE, by Irving A. Leonard, Cambridge, Harvard University Press, 1949. 379 p. Illus. \$5.00

BORGES' WORLD OF FICTION

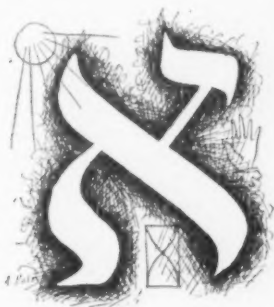
A CRITICAL APPRAISAL of Jorge Luis Borges and his contribution to Argentine letters is long overdue. The problem posed by his latest collection of short stories warrants this assertion; for anyone reading *El Aleph* but not familiar with the author's manifold talents would tend to regard him as an isolated example of intellectual sophistication, not as a skilled and leading figure among the poets and writers of this continent.

Borges' fiction does not win him official stimulus; his books do not become bestsellers and they frequently reach only the most enlightened and well-read. But his stories in *El Jardín de los Senderos que se Bifurcan* (*The Garden of the Forked Trails*), published in 1942, not only foreshadow his later production and indicate a unity that is a true sign of his originality, but won the highest literary award of the Argentine Writers' Society. In many ways, *El Aleph* is a continuation of the previous book and of the volume of *Ficciones* that appeared in 1944; the three seem to have been inspired by the desire to lash the world of reality with defiant strokes of imagination. One sees Borges masterminding a clever guerilla warfare against an all-pervasive materialism, using his bold stratagems to confuse the enemy and show the weakness of its impenetrable pasteboard citadel. The contributions of the literary group growing spontaneously around him—Sylvina Bullrich Palenque, Adolfo Bioy Casares, José Bianco—prove that Borges is a real influence upon Argentine letters.

Jorge Luis Borges was born with the century. His early years he spent in Switzerland and Spain and his first literary efforts, confined to poetry, were molded by contact with the *ultraistas* led by Cansinos Assens. When he returned to his native Argentina, the years on

the Continent had left their mark. He has read almost everything, but his talent is not pedantically encyclopedic. He has consistently preferred the philosophical and structural implications of good literature to the merely esthetic satisfactions derived from plot and style. His intellectual formation, influenced by Chesterton, has led to a continuous re-creation and revision of local literature in terms of universal values and patterns of philosophical insight, and he ranks among the very few intellectuals of Latin extraction who are able to show a profound appreciation of the world that produced Hawthorne and Melville.

There is no question that Borges' intellectual prowess is tremendous. Here is a writer who has made a complete transition from a school of poetical experimentation to a semi-philosophical, soul-searching, puzzle-ridden prose world where metaphysics is arraigned against all other forces. True, there is a touch of nihilism in the writer's attitude. But each story in the long list initiated with the quasi-essays of his *Inquisiciones* (1925) is a guarantee not only of great spiritual honesty but of grave, sincere, and indefatigable search for a universal value-system. It might be charged that Borges deliberately transmutes reality into paradox and fable, that his characters are mere symbols, lacking human qualities and uncomfortably linked to a purely rational outlook. The assumption would be unfair and unjustified because Borges' latest performance consolidates his painstaking



Cover design for
El Aleph

efforts to create a genuine New World concept of literature that may blend into the main stream of European letters without entirely losing its regional—yet cosmopolitan—character. In each of Borges' stories, the plot represents a dialectical play, superbly executed and designed to present human action—and fiction for that matter—in a metaphysical perspective. It cannot be denied that the writer often fails to establish rapport with his audience. But then, we may ask, does he have to have an audience? Is the appeal to the readers a prerequisite to any successful handling of the writing craft?

Borges the poet gave expression and sophisticated overtones to the vernacular elements implicit in his country's history. Borges the essayist prepared the trend towards an esthetic re-evaluation of the turn of the century. Though he could have written the amusing and mythical

story of the city by the river, he left the task of interpreting the growing metropolis of Buenos Aires to the sociologist, to the dramatist, and to the hard-boiled tango-writer. But he captured the essence of suburban morality and its intrusion into the city's contemporary mores in *El Hombre de la Esquina Rosada* (*The Man on the Pink Corner*). As authentic suspense literature this story occupies in Argentine letters a place corresponding to that of Hemingway's *The Killers* in U.S. literature. The comparison is not altogether arbitrary. Jorge Luis Borges is a skilled semanticist, and his prose breathes an intense feeling for his native language and for the pomp, the ritual, and the acculturative processes it reveals. His depiction of all levels of society is enriched by fidelity to the spoken word and loyalty to their tradition: his language is never caricature, his characters are never inaccurate cross-samples.

Borges' versatility is shown in his varying tasks as literary editor of Emecé Publishers: in this capacity he has issued in translation everything from the great literary classics of the English language to the thrillers of Nicholas Blake. Like C. Day Lewis, who enjoys writing a whodunit when not indulging in outstanding verse, Borges initiated mystery writing in Argentina under the guise of "H. Bustos Domecq." He has translated Melville and Faulkner and rendered Virginia Woolf's *Orlando* into Spanish. He presented Kafka's *Metamorphosis* to the Argentine public and anticipated much of his later fiction in the literary criticism and movie reviews written over a period of twenty years for *Sur*, the leading journal of Argentine intellectuals.

Has Borges reached his peak with *El Aleph*? This collection of thirteen supernatural, fantastic stories with a universal locale or a universal meaning, is still in line with his previous works. In these stories reality is telescoped, the gap between truth and fiction is bridged by metaphysical perspective, and the writer startles us with an anachronistic invasion into the realm of memory and imagination. "The Immortal" imagines the antique dealer Joseph Cartaphilus searching for the city of the Immortals and finding, at the end of his long quest, the immortal Homer precariously living amid the ruins of a forgotten Asiatic city. The story is unreal only because the life histories of the two men are juxtaposed without regard to time. This is a favorite Borges technique: the annulment of time poses poignant problems and creates plastic images of the same intensity as those Juan Batlle Planas, another Argentine, captures in his hallucinated paintings.

For "The Dead Man" Borges chooses a more realistic environment, closer to the traditions of the Rio de la Plata. Benjamín Otálora escapes from Buenos Aires to avoid punishment for a minor crime. He seeks asylum among the cattle-rustlers and smugglers whom one Azevedo Bandeira is using to build his empire on the northern border of Uruguay. The story explains Otálora's rise to power—how, in his ambition, he usurps Bandeira's prestige, his power, and his wife without realizing that he is being caught in a web of dramatic



Jorge Luis Borges,
Argentine author of
short-story collection

predestination. The climate of the story recalls the tense atmosphere of Conrad's fiction.

In "The Life Story of Tadeo Isidoro Cruz," Borges has accomplished a rare feat. In a few pages, he has re-created life in Argentina during the turbulent years from 1829 to 1874, effectively reducing to its basic elements the epic period that roughly corresponds to the period of settlement and taming of the U. S. West. But he has also projected into it the youth and early manhood of Sergeant Cruz, thus blending a new myth into Argentina's most famous tone poem, *Martin Fierro*.

El Aleph is a strange aggregation of fantasy and innuendo: a modest twenty-cent coin with a fateful power and long history; a Wellsian simultaneous vision of the infinite that reminds us of the search for the Holy Grail; the introspections of an educated German on the fate of his fatherland; the suspense story of a premeditated murder which Emma Zunz justifies to her own conscience by twisting reality into mere circumstantial falsehood. All these themes, far from being woven into abstract patterns and intellectual conceits, become a part of the paradoxical world of true fiction.—Roberto P. Payró
EL ALEPH, by Jorge Luis Borges. Buenos Aires, Editorial Losada, 1949. 146 p. Seven Argentine pesos

THE IMPOSTORS

ON HIS ADMISSION to the Dominican Academy of History, José de Jesús Núñez y Domínguez lectured on *El Tapado*—The Impostor—of Mexico and the one in Santo Domingo, giving new evidence of his scholarly talents and ability to make his subjects come to life. The phantom figure of Antonio de Benavides, masquerading as inspector of the Viceroyalty of New Spain, had already appeared in Antonio Robles' *Diario de Sucesos Notables* (*Diary of Notable Events*), published in 1853, and in *El Libro Rojo* (*The Red Book*), by Manuel Payno and Vicente Riva Palacio, in 1870. This mysterious personage—like a character out of the movies—was sent to prison after various comings and goings, and following a quick trial and a vain attempt at suicide, he was hanged on July 12, 1684.

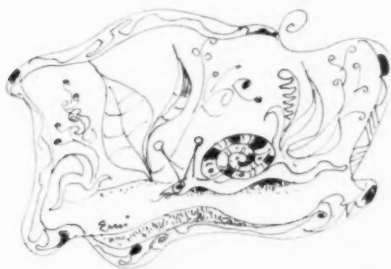
Sr. Núñez y Domínguez had published a monograph on Don Antonio de Benavides in 1945. Now in one volume—*El Tapado de México y el de Santo Domingo*—

we have his address to the Academy, plus the study in which Fray Cipriano de Utrera, learned scholar and chronicler, shows that the dangerous impostor was Dominican by birth; and still another work by the same author on Luis Francisco de Acevedo, the *Tapado* of Santo Domingo.

This little book is a model of research carried on with unpublished documents and hard-to-find publications. Both Sr. Núñez y Domínguez and Fray Cipriano de Utrera offer a wealth of information on the treacherous adventurer who contended with the pirates marauding in 1683 in the Gulf of Mexico—Van Hoorn, the Dutch Janchy and Christian, the Frenchman Michael, Lorencillo of Ostend, and Jacob Hall, an Englishman from Bermuda—all of whom the Spanish authorities were able to catch in time.

After carefully tracing the genealogy of the Benavides in Santo Domingo, beginning in 1585, Fray Cipriano de Utrera explains who Don Rodrigo Pimentel was. He maintains: "It is clear that Benavides carried on him considerable money for his ordinary expenses and credits in his favor against confederates in Don Rodrigo's business—money to meet any defaults in that business due to negligence or carelessness on the part of other colleagues. As an accomplice of the pirates in giving a genuine financial appearance to their false cargo accounts and in lulling the authorities into sleepy indifference to the danger threatening Vera Cruz, he must have received money—the pirates had plenty of Spanish-Indian coin—which he deposited, for the most part, in the safekeeping of comrades. Since he kept his secret about the contraband origin of the funds, his friends' property could not be seized by the law. And it seems he was also unwilling to admit that he was a companion of the pirates."

This volume provides curious information on the history of piracy, particularly in connection with the ups and downs of one of the most daring intrigues in the Caribbean during the time when Spanish power was invincible. Scholarship and mature judgment are equally outstanding in this work.—*Rafael Heliodoro Valle*
EL TAPADO DE MÉXICO Y EL DE SANTO DOMINGO, by José de Jesús Núñez y Domínguez. Ciudad Trujillo, Tipografía Franciscana, 1950. 172 p.



RECENT PAU PUBLICATIONS

RECENT PUBLICATIONS issued by the Pan American Union are calculated to appeal to a wide range of interests. Subjects range from law and housing to musicians and the technology of FM broadcasting.

The Department of International Law and Organization prepared the first annual *Inter-American Juridical Yearbook*, covering developments in Western Hemisphere law in 1948. It includes studies of the Pact of Bogotá by Hildebrando Accioly (Brazilian Ambassador to the OAS) and Roberto Córdova; an analysis of the problem of recognition of *de facto* governments by Dr. Charles G. Fenwick, director of the Department; and articles by Dr. Manuel Canyes, UNESCO Director General Jaime Torres Bodet, Srta. Minerva Bernardino, former chairman of the Inter-American Commission of Women, and others. There are also summaries of articles in international law reviews, book reviews, and the texts of recent inter-American treaties and the OAS Charter. A volume of 393 pages, it is priced at three dollars. *Bilateral Treaty Developments in Latin America, 1938-1948* is the title of a mimeographed listing that sells for fifty cents. It does not give the texts of the treaties mentioned.

Latest in the Department of Economic and Social Affairs' Foreign Trade Series is *The Foreign Commerce of Nicaragua, 1942-46*, by Douglas H. Parks (35 pages, fifteen cents). Two studies of regional housing problems, together with recommendations for city and national planning, are *La Vivienda en El Salvador* (36 pages, twenty cents), by Dr. Rafael Picó, chairman of the Planning Board of Puerto Rico, Anatole Solow, PAU housing specialist, and Walter O. Harris, Pan American Sanitary Bureau Field Supervisor, and *Housing in Guatemala* (10 pages, 50 cents), by Mr. Solow. Sergio Carvallo of the PAU's Labor and Social Welfare Division wrote *El Cooperativismo en Chile* (50 cents).

Articles from scientific publications are reprinted in Spanish in the quarterly *Boletín de Ciencia y Tecnología* (ten cents a copy) recently inaugurated by the natural sciences section of the Division of Philosophy, Letters, and Sciences. The first issue, for May 1950, contained articles on how television works, plastics, water shortages, commercial use of controlled projectiles, the magnetic field of the Milky Way and cosmic radiation, and the discovery of the planet Neptune, plus short notes on recent scientific books. An RCA Laboratories pamphlet on FM broadcasting was issued free in Spanish as *Radiodifusión en Frecuencia Modulada*.

From the Music and Visual Arts Division comes *Music and Musicians of the Dominican Republic*, by J. M. Coopersmith. This 146-page book (\$1.25) is in English, with an accompanying Spanish translation by María Hazera and Elizabeth M. Tylor. It is based on a survey the author made in 1944, at the invitation of the Dominican Government. The Pan American Union has the original discs of 78 recordings of folk materials he made at that time.

(Continued on page 46)

STAMPS

CITY ON THE POTOMAC

"WE THE SUBSCRIBERS, in consideration of the great benefits we expect to derive from having the Federal City laid off upon our Lands, do hereby agree and bind ourselves, heirs, executors, and administrators, to convey, in Trust, to the President of the United States, or Commissioners, or such person or persons as he shall appoint, by good and sufficient deeds, in Fee simple, the whole of our respective Lands which he may think proper to include within the lines of the Federal City. . . ."

So it was that in March 1791 the U.S. Government, without spending a single dollar, acquired six hundred acres in the heart of what was to be Washington or the District of Columbia. The "subscribers" to the above agreement were landowners who wanted the public buildings to be put up in their localities—mainly the towns of Carrollsburg and Hamburg.

From that comparatively small beginning the city grew into one of the world's loveliest capitals. As far back as 1877, when Washington was less than a century old, Henry Adams wrote, "One of these days this will be a very great city if nothing happens to it. Even now it is a beautiful one, and its situation is superb."

Today some might disagree with Mr. Adams on the matter of the situation of Washington; in fact, during its torrid summers people have been known to wish aloud that the capital of the United States had been built in Alaska. Few deny, however, that it is a lovely city, well planned and well kept.

This year the whole nation is celebrating the capital's Sesquicentennial—it will be 150 years old in December. In honor of the event, the Post Office has issued a special three-cent light-blue stamp (see left), the newest in a splendid though limited succession of issues on the city.

The capital's buildings and monuments have long been imprinted on postage stamps. There are, for example, the two-cent issue of 1923 commemorating the International Civil Aeronautics Conference, with an early airplane against a background of the U.S. Capitol and the Washington Monument; the one- and two-dollar stamps celebrating, respectively, the Lincoln Memorial (in brown, issued in February 1923) and the U.S. Capitol (in blue, issued a month later).

George Washington himself, for whom the city is named, probably appears more often on U.S. postage stamps than any other person. Among those reproduced at left are the eight-, nine-, and ten-cent stamps of the twelve-stamp series commemorating the bicentennial of Washington's birthday, celebrated in 1932. They are, respectively, olive green, salmon pink, and yellow.



TURRIALBA FARMS FOR TOMORROW

(Continued from page 5)

thing they need to learn. Moreover, political differences mean little. Grasshoppers munch as happily in a Conservative wheatfield as in one belonging to a Liberal; a Socialist-Republican is no better off than a Radical-Constitutionalist when the blight attacks his cacao.

The international concept of the Institute's job exists at all levels. Though only ten American countries are members at this writing, the results of Turrialba's experiments are available to all nations. Colombia, still not a member, has had more contact with Turrialba than almost any other. Students from non-member countries are numerous. One, for example, hails from the Philippines, where many of the crops and pests are similar to Latin America's. Turrialba has what must be the only international apiary on earth; each hive bears the flag of a different nation. There is no record of political dissension among any of the bees, not even in the Chinese hive, and all produce about an equal amount of honey.

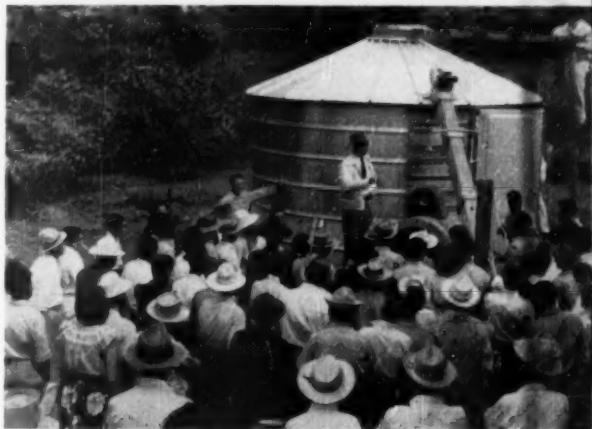
The Institute's work is guided chiefly by the Hemisphere's agricultural headaches. Often these turn up in the mail, in the form of a diseased and largely disintegrated head of grain or other produce, along with the desperate question: "What is this, and what can we do about it? It cost us 10 (or 40, or 75) per cent of our crop this year." The plague is sometimes easy to diagnose and simple to defeat. More commonly, it takes time, knowledge, specialized equipment, and long wandering in the uncharted byways of research and experiment.

Another frequent request is for a survey of the forest resources of one or another Latin American nation. Institute specialists have just finished a survey of Guatemala's forests, which range from towering evergreens in the chill highlands to the dense growth of steaming sea-level jungle. After spending months prowling the woods, the specialists worked out a plan of exploitation that will make her tremendous forested areas a source of continuing wealth to Guatemala.

The Institute's work on oriental rice rust, a plague that was destroying up to half of the rice crop of several countries, looks very hopeful. Scientists at Turrialba found that a simple and fairly inexpensive way of drying the rice before storing prevents rust. This one discovery may mean that soon hundreds of thousands of people in Latin America will be eating more than they did before.

Another dramatic victory was won against the leaf-cutter ants. A single nest of these industrious insects with built-in scissors can destroy an entire garden in one night. Tough and stubborn, they formerly yielded only to methods too costly and technical for an average small farmer. But the Institute found that inexpensive chlordane slaughters the hungry bugs wholesale. A couple of pints of the solution poured down the entrance to the nest, and no more ants emerge, ever. Chlordane is easy to mix, and the equivalent of 55 cents U. S. will buy enough to make 64 gallons of solution.

But most of the advances are slow, unspectacular, the result of accumulation of experiments painstakingly carried out. For example, a major preoccupation of coffee-producing countries has been a leaf blight that affects the production of all infected trees. For about a year, Dr. Frederick Wellman, coffee pathologist at the Institute, picked off all the leaves of a few infected trees at various times during the development of the coffee bean. Nothing much happened except that the trees looked remarkably nude. Only a few months ago, however, Dr. Wellman found that one tree, stripped at a certain period, not only grew back its leaves, but also produced a fine quantity of perfect coffee berries. It is too early to say whether this is the simple answer to the leaf blight; after another year or so of pulling leaves off all types of trees and seeing what happens, Dr. Wellman may have the answer.



Institute urges farmers to adopt inexpensive rat-proof metal grain bin

Precisely this type of slow, often tedious experimenting is one of the main lessons the faculty of the Institute wants its students to learn. A scientist backing out of a cul-de-sac labels it "blind alley," publishes it in the Institute's reports, and saves that much time for all future researchers.

Once a method has been proved, the next step is literally to tell the world about it. But if a hill farmer doesn't trust you, you haven't a ghost of a chance of persuading him to pour chlordane solution down an ant hole. This is where sociological research comes in. At Turrialba a young Finnish sociologist named Sakari Sariola and his Puerto Rican wife, a home economist, make extensive studies of every phase of the rural people's life. They keep careful track of ingrained likes and dislikes, neighborhood loyalties, local customs, and the people's assets and deficiencies. Knowing in detail what ails a man is a short cut to knowing how to help him.

The Sariolas work with all classes of people. Finding that every inhabitant of one hacienda village was loaded with intestinal parasites, which cut down energy, intelli-



Administration Building, nerve-center of the Institute. Member country quotas, gifts, and sale of surpluses support program

gence, initiative, and resistance to other diseases, the Sariolas presented this statistic to the hacienda owner. Shocked, the man installed a complete water system, which involved sealing a big spring in concrete and laying miles of sanitary pipe. It cost a lot of money, but the health and efficiency of the people have already improved. Moreover, the Sariolas now have a typical village in which to find out what a healthy community can accomplish for itself.

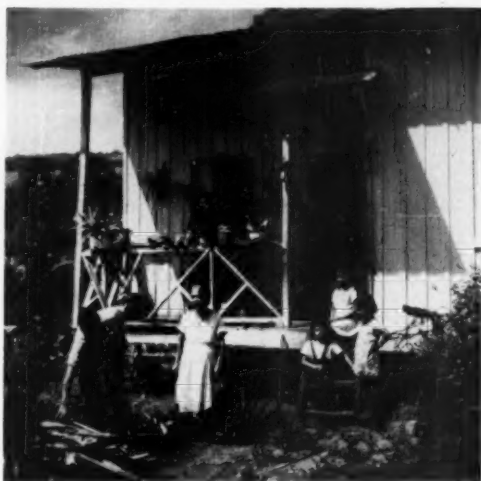
Getting the means of self-help to people at large is the job of the Department of Agricultural Extension, presided over by Dr. Spencer Hatch. Dr. Hatch has a 51-acre patch of fields, hillside, and valley for demonstrating everything from ant murder to building sanitary latrines. He purposely selected a spot across the road from the Institute proper, so country people would feel less timid about visiting and using it. Among other things, he has built a couple of unassuming model houses from purely local materials and has installed gregarious families in both, rent free, on condition that they be ready at all times to show off such novelties as the improved cooking and sanitary arrangements. He found that the local clay was excellent for brick and tile, and put up a brick kiln that he hopes will eventually result in brick houses.

The international beehive is another innovation of Dr. Hatch, who is a sort of Johnny Appleseed of the honeybee tribe. "I've established hives of bees every place I've ever worked, and they always turn out well," he says enthusiastically. "It's one crop that can take care of itself, and it's a nearly infallible source of both a wholesome food for the family and a cash income. And even the poorest farmer can manage to set up a couple of hives."

The Extension Service tries to convert farmers to planting the steeper hillsides to forest, to paying a small breeding fee for stock improvement, to producing and eating more vegetables and milk than has been customary. It is a long, slow job, but each day finds groups of country people intently watching demonstrations in planting, diffidently asking questions about things they are trying to understand.

An important branch of the Institute's program is improving milk and meat cattle by crossing the small but tough *tico* cattle with various imported breeds. Its agriculturists are constantly working out crosses with Brown Swiss, Jersey, Holstein, Santa Gertrudis from the King Ranch in Texas, and the flop-eared, hump-backed, enormously tick-resistant zebu or Brahman of India. An incidental result of experiments in this field is a copious milk supply for the Institute and much of the surrounding region. To bottle the milk a small sanitary dairy has been set up. Dr. Jorge de Alba, a Mexican, presides over this as well as over the model slaughterhouse.

A constant stream of visiting scientists makes the place a sort of agricultural Grand Central Station. Dr. H. C. Thompson, head of plant genetics at the famous Cornell



Costa Rican farm home and family. Extension Service works to improve their farming methods and living conditions

agricultural center, says that in Turrialba he has a chance to see and talk to more scientific visitors than in Ithaca.

The students, most of them under 25 years of age, are realistic about most aspects of life at Turrialba, and are much given to irreverent nicknames. The long, dachshund-shaped bus that carries students to and from the city is called *el chorizo* ("the sausage"). A bounding green bus is called *la perrera* ("the dog wagon") on the theory that it is more fit for animals than for human beings. When John Creighton, head of entomology at the University of Florida, was experimenting with synthetic insecticides at Turrialba, he sprayed some of the animals too liberally with chlorinated hydrocarbons. The animals died, and the students dubbed Dr. Creighton "Silverio," after the famous Mexican matador.

Generally speaking, the town and the Institute get along extremely well. The two to three hundred (depending on the time of year) *turrialbeños* employed by the Institute as field hands seem to like their jobs and the

way they are treated. That many satisfied men form a considerable sector of informed opinion in a town the size of Turrialba.

Last year, the usually placid little Turrialba River turned into a raging, mud-colored monster, sweeping away hundreds of houses and endangering many lives. The students worked around the clock rescuing people in distress until the flash flood subsided. Afterward, the Institute developed plans for adequate, inexpensive housing for destitute families, which the Costa Rican Government adopted.

Once a local newspaper blasted away at the Institute for selling its surplus milk. Calling it unfair, subsidized competition for local producers, the paper demanded that the Institute be forced to pay the "tax on milk sales." The Minister of Agriculture replied next day, pointing out none too gently that the Institute's charter permitted it to meet part of its expenses by selling agricultural surpluses; that the demand for milk in the area far exceeded the supply; that the Government was delighted to have as many people as possible get good milk from whatever source; that there never had been a tax on milk, and he hoped there never would be.

Actually, the Institute's chief trouble is lack of money. A great part of its income comes from the sale of sugar and coffee surpluses. The fees for stock breeding, providing quality seeds and plants, and other services, are purposely held too low for profit in order to help local farmers produce more. The tuition is low also. It costs only about a thousand dollars a year to keep a student at Turrialba, including room and board—a small price indeed for an expert who may later be the means of building up his country's agricultural production.

The member governments make yearly contributions, as does the Rockefeller Foundation. And, though the Institute is a multi-governmental, official outfit, the value of its work is recognized in highly practical terms by such exponents of capitalistic enterprise as the Standard Oil Company, the King Ranch, the Du Pont Company, and the American Cocoa Institute. But even with this help from varied sources, many problems have not yet been touched. The Institute's administrators figure that, with about a 30 per cent increase in capital investment, they could quadruple their whole program. That would really make it tough on Western Hemisphere bugs.

NEW ORLEANS INTERNATIONAL

(Continued from page 11)

in the handling, packaging, and grading of goods; provides a market for the U.S. manufacturers of packaging materials; and enables the small importer to operate without tying up his capital in tariff payments.

Typical of such small importers was the U.S. sailor who had used up all his savings to bring precious stones from Latin America. When he returned to the States, he had seven dollars left, not enough, naturally, to pay for the import duty, and was advised to store his wares in the Free Trade Zone. One by one he sold the jewels and

paid the tax. He is now back in Latin America on another buying expedition.

Last year the New Orleans Free Trade Zone received some fifty different types of goods from twenty-eight countries with a total estimated value of \$27,101,114. With manufacturing within its area, it will be busier than ever.

Lumber and precious woods from Central America might be converted, with the newest U.S. machinery, into valuable goods easily sold throughout the world. Leather could be tanned and finished according to the latest processes, precious stones could be cut and set, foodstuffs and coffee could be canned for easier preservation. Someone has even suggested that wild animals from the jungles of Latin America be trained in the Free Trade Zone for circus performances in the United States or other parts of the world.

According to Congressman Celler, "These free trade zones attract new commerce to our country and create new opportunities for labor and industry. Their added facilities, such as exhibition of goods and a certain amount of manufacture, will permit an increased stream of two-way trade between the U.S.A. and foreign countries, and will, I am sure, prove of special benefit to many Latin American as well as U.S. businessmen."

The importance of a "stream of two-way trade" is now recognized by New Orleans' foreign-trade planners. According to Vaughn Bryant, public relations director of International House, the United States "is not an island of prosperity in a bankrupt world. Poverty is a plague, and pestilence knows no frontiers. We are a great creditor nation and we must import if we are to export."

Today, International House has embarked on a new drive—"Operation Import." Just as it started out plugging the idea of foreign trade, it is now selling the mid-continent businessman the idea of "buy or bust"—with its usual practical efficiency. Knowing that it would be impossible to reach personally the sixty million potential customers in the thirteen-state area, International House officials have contacted the members of a trade that will most immediately benefit by a spurt in imports: shippers and transport firms. Those companies—railroads, trucking outfits, airlines, and river-traffic handlers—which have offices in every town and hamlet of this huge area, were asked to distribute a questionnaire, drawn up by International House, about what products were needed, how much, how soon. A flood of replies is already coming in and most of them show real interest. Today, the United States exports thirty thousand different commodities, imports only four thousand. In its modest way, New Orleans hopes to help right that balance. If more foreign goods are bought, more dollars will be available abroad for purchase of United States products.

And part of that two-way flow of dollars will continue to go through the portals of the hospitable, humming, energetic Louisiana city, of which Thomas Jefferson once wrote prophetically: "New Orleans will be forever as it is now, the mighty mart of merchandise brought from more than a thousand rivers. . . ."

PERSONALITY OF A HERO (Continued from page 8)

even more apparent result would have been the spreading of our democratic revolution across the sea to Spain itself. These are not the fruits of my imagination, but hopes that San Martín cherished at one time.

In 1810 the revolution of Buenos Aires began acquiring a fleet and issuing letters of marque. In October 1816 San Martín wrote Don Tomás Guido: "I am very pleased with the progress of our privateers. What would they say in Spain if they saw American forces bearing down on Cádiz?"

From 1815 to 1819 the mother country was threatening Buenos Aires with an expedition that was to come to the River Plate to reconquer our territory. San Martín was never disturbed by those threats, and when General Riego in Cabezas de San Juan and O'Donnell's troops—which were supposed to attack Buenos Aires from the sea—rose against Ferdinand VII, they were incited by secret agents of the revolutionary Argentine government. This fact is recorded in our national archives.

When San Martín held his famous conference with Viceroy La Serna at Punchauca, Peru, in 1821, everything the liberator said was aimed at ending the war by recognizing the colonies' independence and forming an alliance of Spanish and American liberals. Demonstrating his unusual skill as a diplomat, statesman, and strategist, his words and toasts seduced the royalist leaders gathered there. They were not adamant in their opposition, for they had upheld the liberal Constitution of Cádiz (1812), later revoked by the treacherous Ferdinand VII.

Shortly before embarking for the meeting with Bolívar in Guayaquil, San Martín wrote O'Higgins this little-known letter (quoted by Vicuña Mackenna, Santiago, Chile, 1863):

Lima, June 26, 1822

Señor Don Bernardo O'Higgins (Confidential)

My dear friend and companion:

Through [Don Luis] Cruz you will have heard of the happy results of the Quito campaign. This stroke of fortune has given the war in this country a new aspect. However, since the enemy can defend inch by inch the positions they hold in the sierra, and since the stubbornness of the Spaniards is well known, I feel that the way to negotiate peace with them is to carry the war to Spain itself. Therefore, I am determined, as I have told you before, that the frigates *Prueba* and *Venganza* and the schooner *Macedonia* shall leave this port for Europe early in August to hamper Spanish commerce. I believe that it would be a good thing both for the honor of Chile and for the general interest if you could supplement the Expedition with ships from your country. I have thought of putting Guise in command of the Peruvian ships, as he is an excellent man when away from the influence of Spry. You cannot fail to see the advantages of this enterprise, as it is bound to succeed and to yield enough profit so we can pass the rest of our days without having to beg.

Needless to say, I must ask you to keep the matter secret, for its success depends on this.

We could use a few good sailors, as all ours are engaged in the Coastwise Services and in the Convoy; however, we will be able to find more than four hundred.

Answer me right away, and if you decide on this plan, begin at once preparing the ships so there will be no delay in Valparaíso. What a pity that the *Independencia* and the *Araucano* are not there, since what is needed is not so much strength as speed.

Answer me without losing a moment so your reply will arrive before the ships leave.

It's ages since I have received a letter from you. Goodbye, my friend.

As ever, your companion,

José de San Martín

All those dreams were frustrated at Guayaquil, for reasons well known today.

Men often complain that fate tricks their lives. Maeterlinck noted that perhaps the future might have been different because of a door that had been opened, a word that was not said. The same thing is true in the destiny of peoples, and in that hand of fate lies the epic glory and the dramatic sorrow of heroes.

O ALEIJADINHO (Continued from page 27)

first. Alone, Aleijadinho might not have been able to fulfill a contract so large as this, possibly the largest order for sculpture up to that time in Minas. Acting as contractor, he may have hired workers to do certain basic processes, leaving the finishing to him. Or he may have used only his three slaves. Mestizos and Negroes were taught sculpture, casting, engraving, and carving, and their talents and handiwork were used in the ornamentation as well as the construction of buildings. Aleijadinho's three slaves, Mauricio, Januario, and Agostinho, were all sculptors and wood carvers. The Little Cripple always gave Mauricio half of his own parsimonious salary. Aleijadinho was evidently responsible for designing the various scenes, distributing the work, and choosing the workers. Approaching seventy and sick when he was honored with this great task, he probably leaned heavily upon the three slaves he had trained. Mauricio, who had acquired notable technique, probably played an important role during the five years required to complete the statues. This slave's faithfulness to duty was remarkable, particularly since his master often punished him severely with the same stonemason's mallet the slave had strapped to his crippled hand.

The Prophets are vigorous. Isaiah has been compared with Michelangelo's Moses. Some, unfamiliar with the history of art, blamed the deformed feet, long exaggerated noses, defective hands, or oversized heads on "lack of knowledge of human anatomy," failing to see the strong, anguished expression of a true artist.

Prolific as he was, Antônio Francisco never amassed a fortune from his work. He was not careful with money. Very generous, he was always giving to the poor.

According to the death registry, "the eighteenth of November of one thousand eight hundred and fourteen died Antônio Francisco Lisboa, unmarried mulatto of seventy-six years, with all the sacraments." He was given a proper burial the same day. Shortly before, the master had attended the festivities of *Nossa Senhora da Boa Morte* (Our Lady of Good Death) as sponsor. In front of the altar of *Boa Morte* in Ouro Preto's Church of Our Lady of the Immaculate Conception, built by order of the wealthy mine-owner Antônio Dias, the Little Cripple was buried a short distance from the baptistery where, perhaps crying, he had been christened. Aleijadinho was one of the sensitive souls of colonial American art who captured and gave expression, not only to his own talent and torture, but also to the profound longings of a people.

KNOW YOUR NEIGHBORS?

Answers on page 46



1. Mexico's President, one of Latin America's youngest, has been a judge, governor of the State of Veracruz, and Secretary of the Interior. Can you name him?



2. Would you say the instrument this Peruvian Indian is playing is a *rondador*, a *cuatro*, a *marimba*, or a *flauta*?



3. Murals in Simón Bolívar's birthplace show scenes from his life as painted by Venezuelan artist Tito Salas. The house is a national shrine located in Caracas, Valencia, or Ciudad Bolívar?



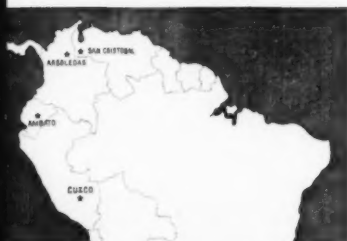
4. Tennis club in Quito where the sport is a favorite. Is Ecuador's most famous tennis star Pancho Segura. Pancho Gonzales, or Gussie Moran?



5. Caricature of a bandleader best known in the United States for his Latin American music. Born in Barcelona, Spain, he was once a concert violinist. Who is he?



6. Santa Teresa fortress, in the lake region northeast of Montevideo, was once held by a neighbor of Uruguay: Paraguay, Brazil, or Argentina?



7. All the places named on the map have suffered heavy earthquake damage within the past fourteen months. In what country is each located?



8. Featherweight wood, used for life preservers and airplane construction, goes into drying kilns. Native to tropical South America, would you say the correct name is balsam, quebracho, sarsaparilla, or balsa?



9. A zoo-bound Amazon jungle animal is exercised in Miami by its captor. Is it a leopard, a jaguar, or an ocelot?



10. Brazil's highly industrialized second city as seen from the financial district. Is it Bahia Blanca, Belém, or São Paulo?

BOOKS (Continued from page 39)

In social sciences, Theo Crevenna is editing a six-volume series of *Materiales para el Estudio de la Clase Media en la América Latina* (*Materials for the Study of the Middle Class in Latin America*). Three have already been published. The first carried two articles on the middle class in Argentina, by Gino Germani and Sergio Bagú, and two on Uruguay, by Alfredo Poviña and Antonio Miguel Grompone. Volume II takes up Mexico and Cuba, with contributions by Nathaniel Whetten, Juan F. Carvajal, Lowry Nelson, and Carlos Manuel Raggi Ageo. In the third, Humberto Palza S. deals with Bolivia, Lucila Herrmann with a Brazilian town, Julio Vega with Chile, and César R. Acosta with Paraguay. Each study appears in the author's own language, so that Spanish, Portuguese, French, and English will be used in the series. The volumes, averaging around one hundred mimeographed pages, are listed at thirty cents each.

Three new titles have appeared in the *Escritores de América* (*Writers of America*) series of the Division of Philosophy, Letters, and Sciences. *José Martí: Prosas* reproduces a selection from the writings of Cuba's Independence hero. The subjects range from Mexico and Simón Bolívar to Walt Whitman, Jesse James, and "Buffalo Bill." Andrés Iduarte edited the volume and outlines Martí's life in the introduction. Armando Correia Pacheco of the Division's staff prepared the Spanish translations of selections from Joaquín Nabuco's writings and speeches presented in *Joaquín Nabuco: Acción y Pensamiento* (*Joaquín Nabuco: Action and Thought*). It includes several of Nabuco's abolitionist pieces, others on political figures and the influence of Ernest Renan on the young Brazilian's development. *Escritores de Costa Rica* (*Writers of Costa Rica*), edited by Division chief Ermilo Abreu Gómez, gives a number of brief tales and incidents of the Costa Rican countryside from the early work of Joaquín García Monge, literary criticism by Roberto Brenes Mesén, and tales by Carmen Lira (María Isabel Carvajal). Each volume is priced at one dollar. The same division has published a bibliography of histories of American literature, *Historias de la Literatura Americana, Guía Bibliográfica*, by Roberto P. Payró. The general and individual country listings cover literature of Latin America and the United States. Mimeographed, this sixty-page publication is priced at twenty cents.

ANSWERS TO QUIZ on page 45

1. Miguel Alemán
2. Rondador
3. Caracas
4. Pancho Segura
5. Xavier Cugat
6. Brazil
7. San Cristóbal is in Venezuela. Arboledas is in Colombia. Ambato is in Ecuador, and Cuzco is in Peru
8. Balsa
9. Jaguar
10. São Paulo

FOR YOUR RECORD LIBRARY

RECOMMENDED by Pru Devon, Producer-Commentator, "Nights in Latin America," Radio Station WQXR, New York; and Evans Clark, whose well-known record library supplies most of the music.

1. **TIPICITO DE MI VIDA** Colombian Torbellino. **MIS FLORES NEGRAS** Colombian Pasillo. **SMC 2509**
Expertly performed by the Hermanos Contreras, these two typically Colombian rhythms feature the delicate syncopation and intricate stringed instruments used so much in that country. Colombia infuses a gentle nostalgia into these popular and folk forms.
2. **MARIA SOLEA** Zambra-Bolero. **FLAMENCO** Zambra-Bolero. **SMC 1274**
The illustrious Spanish guitarist Vicente Gómez has created a haunting and unique form by combining the completely Spanish Flamenco *zambra* with today's popular Caribbean bolero. In so doing, he has opened up a new and fabulously rich field. The merging of Old and New World melodies and rhythms is found in many regions of Latin America, but the specifically Flamenco element is here included for the first time. The interesting performing group is made up of two Cubans, a Colombian, and, as principal vocalist, a Guatemalan girl. A stirring recording.
3. **VIDALITA** Argentine Canción. **LAMENTO GITANO** Spanish-Mexican Canción. **Tic-Tac 1104**
Enrique Ruiz, Argentine singer, has had considerable concert and opera training and experience and brings to these two selections a finely controlled and modulated voice. The *vidalita*, a typical song of the pampas, is tenderly and sincerely performed in a skillful arrangement by Alberto Williams. The gypsy lament, by the versatile Mexican composer María Grever, is like a nostalgic backward-glance-over-the-shoulder toward Spain.
4. **QUE MALA SUERTE** Puerto Rican Guaracha. **QUIZAS, QUIZAS** Bolero. **Seeco 585**
Bobby Capó, today Puerto Rico's most popular singer, is well known for his rich voice and his sparkling purity of diction. Both sides of this disc are well liked and widely played in Latin America. The first, *What Bad Luck*, is distinguished by the peculiar *tumbao* or falling rhythm, with a beguiling twist.
5. **BENDITO AMOR** Cuban Bolero. **TU ME HAS ENGAÑADO** Cuban Bolero. **Seeco 7022**
The Hermanas Lago are prepared to lull you into a romantic mood with their charmingly sophisticated rendition. The soprano voice is fresh and sweet; the contralto, in mellow contrast, brings out the more sensuous overtones in these two pleasing boleros.
6. **CHOUOUNE** Haitian Meringue. **CAROLINE AÇAO** Haitian Congo. **Folklore Haitien 108**
Lolita Cuevas, who sings both of these characteristically Haitian songs, is a reigning favorite. She sings in the style that is most highly esteemed in Haiti. The Cuarteto Astoria is just right in its brisk Carib accompaniment, never sentimental, never for a moment losing the vitally important beat. If you visited the Port-au-Prince Fair you probably heard performances just like these in intriguing little bistros "that nobody else knew about." Should you have difficulty ordering this record locally, write to "Nights in Latin America," Radio Station WQXR, New York City.
7. **LA BURRIQUITA** Motivo Margariteño. **NOCHES MARGARITEÑAS** Vals Margariteño. **Ansonia 8006**
It is most unusual to find a commercial recording company interested in promoting the native music of a spot as far from the beaten track as the pearl island of Margarita off the Venezuelan coast. The waltz is mediocre, but *La Burriquita* is a gem, if only for its historical value. Dating back to festivals of the Basques, the song of the little burro can still be found in today's Morris (from "Moorish") dances in England. Many of these early ritualistic fiesta songs and dances still survive in Venezuela, and especially in this small island where regional folksong remains at a colonial level. A delightful interpolation is found in the chorus, "a canary who sang to the Child Christ. . . ." The song, featured in various folklore books of Venezuela, is a museum piece.

CONTRIBUTORS



One of Argentina's leading men of letters, RICARDO ROJAS, analyzes the motives of the liberator San Martín in the article, "Personality of a Hero." For many years Dr. Rojas was a professor of Spanish and Argentine literature at the Universities of La Plata and Buenos Aires. His many published works include several volumes of poetry, literary and political history, lectures and essays on educational problems, plays, and biographies. In 1944 he was awarded the National Prize for his drama *La Salomana*, and the following year won the Grand Prize of the Argentine Writers' Society for his *El Proyecto de la Pampa*, a life of Sarmiento. *El Santo de la Espada* (Saint of the Sword), a biography of San Martín, appeared in English as *Knight of the Andes*.



IRENE DIGGS, who writes about the sculptor O Aleijadinho, came across photographs of "The Little Cripple's" work while she was an exchange student in Montevideo and was so impressed that she revisited Brazil to see it. A former Roosevelt Fellow at the University of Havana, from which she received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy and Letters, Miss Diggs has traveled widely in Latin America and Europe. She is now professor of sociology at Morgan State College in Baltimore, spends her spare time studying languages and collecting sculptured heads and silver.



"House of Hope," the account of Argentina's Baldomero Sommer leprosy sanatorium, comes from IRENE DAY, who is presently engaged in press relations for a United Nations agency in Montevideo. Born and educated in Pittsburgh, she gravitated to Philadelphia to work for the War Department, then to New York, where she did advertising field research and worked for the *Journal-American*. Since arriving in South America, she has been with the Buenos Aires daily *Herald* and with the United Press as staff correspondent, still finding time for overland junkets into the interior of Bolivia and the upper Amazon in Peru.



The status of women in the Inca Empire is discussed by FERNANDO ROMERO of Peru in "Inca Finishing School." The author is Chief of the Pan American Union's section on vocational education, a field in which he has specialized during five years' residence in the United States. Previously, in Peru, he organized the national program of technical education, directing it for two years. Dr. Romero has published several books of short stories, history, and a biographical novel.

After seeing most of the rest of the world, SERGE FLIEGERS decided to explore his own country and embarked on an intensive tour of the southern United States. From the trip came "New Orleans International," written in collaboration with Colombian-born ALVARO PÉREZ who accompanied him. Mr. Fliegers studied international economics at Harvard, the Universities of London and

Geneva, and the Graduate Institute of International Studies at the League of Nations, has since been a magazine and newspaper writer and radio commentator. Mr. Pérez, who studied at Columbia University, is also a veteran journalist: at the age of twenty he was tagged one of his country's best newspapermen in a public opinion poll.

ROBERT SPIERS BENJAMIN, who describes Alfredo Medina's timber empire in "Green Gold in Yucatán," has lived in Latin America for many years. Following newspaper stints in Argentina and Chile, his home is now in Mexico City, where he has been serving as chief of the *Time* and *Life* bureau.

In the book section this month, MUNA LEE, herself a poet and writer of note, reviews Irving A. Leonard's *Books of the Brave*. A member of the public-affairs staff of the State Department's Bureau of Inter-American Affairs, she has also contributed many translations from the Spanish to the U. S. literary scene, her most recent being *History of Spain*, by Rafael Altamira. The discussion of *El Tapado de México y el de Santo Domingo* is from the pen of RAFAEL HELIODORO VALLE, distinguished historian and newspaperman who is now Ambassador of Honduras to the United States. *El Aleph* is considered by Argentine-born ROBERTO P. PAYRÓ, who is a staff member of the social-science section of the PAU Division of Philosophy, Letters, and Sciences.

GRAPHICS CREDITS

(Listed from left to right, top to bottom)

- | | |
|--------------------|---|
| Inside front cover | Courtesy National Gallery of Art |
| 2 | Julian A. Weston |
| 3 | Julian A. Weston—Courtesy Inter-American Institute of Agricultural Sciences |
| 4 | Courtesy IAIAS (Nos. 1 and 3)—Julian A. Weston—Scott Seegers (2) |
| 5 | Courtesy IAIAS—Olsen—Scott Seegers |
| 6, 7, 8 | Bettmann Archive (3) |
| 9 | Leon Trice Picture Service, Courtesy International House |
| 10 | Courtesy International House—Moss, Courtesy International House |
| 11 | Courtesy International House (2) |
| 12 | Robert Spiers Benjamin |
| 13 | Stephen Kraft |
| 14, 15 | Robert Spiers Benjamin (3) |
| 16 | <i>Handbook of South American Indians, Vol. II</i> (4) |
| 17 | <i>Handbook of South American Indians—Las primeras edades del Perú, por Guaman Poma, 1939</i> (Nos. 2 and 4)— <i>Etnologiska Studier, II</i> (Göteborg, 1940) |
| 18 | <i>Medieval American Art</i> (4) |
| 19 | <i>Old Civilizations of Inca Land</i> |
| 20 | Courtesy Irene Day |
| 21 | Bettmann Archive (3) |
| 22 | Courtesy Irene Day (4) |
| 24, 25 | Eric Hess, Courtesy Serviço do Patrimônio Histórico e Artístico Nacional (4) |
| 26 | Hess—Kazuo Vasyliu—Eric Hess, Courtesy SPHAN |
| 27 | Hess—Eric Hess, Courtesy SPHAN—Hess |
| 28, 29 | Courtesy Alvaro Zabala (6) |
| 30 | F. Adelhards— <i>The Washington Post</i> |
| 41 | Stoutler |
| 42 | Courtesy IAIAS—Julian A. Weston |
| 43 | No. 2, F. Webster McBryde—No. 4, Three Lima—No. 6, Courtesy Uruguayan Embassy—No. 9, Courtesy Pan American World Airways—No. 10, Courtesy Rome Amarin |
| Inside back cover | Scott Seegers |
| Back cover | Max W. Hunn |

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

BOOKS WANTED

Dear Sir:

In your March issue another reader, Sr. Stefan Baciu, suggested a wonderful idea, to which I want to give my wholehearted support: organizing a plan for cultural exchange. Clearly, books present an insurmountable problem to those who want to study American culture. Making up a library doesn't depend entirely on whether you have the money. . . . I have many good books on geography, history, law . . . but there is much I still lack.

An exchange would solve the problem of those who, like myself, ask: "Where can I get the books?" Someone may answer, "Through bookstores." But that is no solution, for they are just concerned with making money. When I have ordered books on various subjects, I have often failed to get what I needed. But I have found many good things by other means. I repeat, the idea of cultural exchange is splendid and should be put into practice at once.

Raymundo de Castro Mattos
Rua Barbosa Lima, 157
Juiz de Fora, Minas Gerais
Brazil

PORTRAIT OF MARIA

Dear Sir:

The article on Gabriel Figueroa ("Depth of Focus," May 1950) is interesting, and excellent publicity for Mexican films, but I wish to protest against calling the distinguished María Félix "in-expressive." If such were the case (which I cannot bring myself to believe), her unique beauty would contradict the charge, for there is a wealth of expression in physical beauty itself.

It is also mentioned that Mexican films are shown in various European capitals. I should like to know whether the Spanish dialogue is kept, sub-titles are used, or how the language question is handled. I hope the Europeans are able to hear the divine María with her own sweet Mexican accent.

Enrique W. Miró-Fernández
Mexico City



Left: Rome ad
announcing films
starring Mexico's
María Félix

We regret that writer José Gómez-Sicre and fan Miró-Fernández do not agree on the talents of his favorite actress. Señor Gómez-Sicre snapped this picture in Rome, showing the publicity María Félix gets in Italy. The billboard announces five films starring her. As to the language, in France and Italy the dialogue is "dubbed in," with local actors replacing the voices of the original

cast. This process seems to be the most economical and is generally acceptable to audiences in those countries.

SPEAK OF THE DEVIL . . .

Dear Sir:

. . . By an inadvertence there is a mistranslation in the article "Devil's Emissary" in the English edition for June, page 21. That ballad about the villainous Lope de Aguirre has a line, "*A nadie da confesión*," which is rendered by "He confesses to no one." . . . The actual meaning is, "He allows no one [of those whom he murders] a chance to confess his sins [and be saved]." It makes quite a difference in the sense.

S. G. M.
Berkeley, California

Thanks to our eagle-eyed Berkeley reader. We stand corrected.

THE LONG ARM OF THE SEA

Dear Sir:

. . . I am sure that all America (peoples) is proud of AMERICAS (magazine). . . . But the December Spanish issue (November English) places me in a quandary. Are we who live along the shores of the Río de la Plata maritime, fluvial, or bay-dwellers? For the article "El Mar Dulce" ("Highway to the Sea") says: "Strictly speaking, the name Río de la Plata covers only a broad, shallow estuary, an arm of the Atlantic Ocean. . . . The real rivers that push the water out of Buenos Aires' and Montevideo's great bay. . . ."

Estuary, arm of the Atlantic, or bay? These terms have distinct definitions and indicate different geographical formations, but the excellent article uses them as synonymous.

Although some doubt existed for four centuries, modern geology supports the use of "arm of the sea" by establishing that the Plata is a long arm of the sea, constantly withdrawing, the remains of the old Plata Gulf that, in the Tertiary period, . . . reached as far inland as Santiago del Estero and whose shores have been rising since that time. Part of this is explained further on in the article, but in that paragraph the Plata is called an estuary, although the characteristic of the latter is that it is formed by submersion of the land. . . .

Julio Sanjurjo B.
Montevideo, Uruguay

We used the word estuary in this case in its first, general meaning of "A passage, as the mouth of a river or lake, where the tide meets the river current; more commonly, an arm of the sea at the lower end of a river, a frith" rather than the physical geographer's technical meaning of "A drowned river mouth, caused by the sinking of the land near the coast." Similarly, bay also has a general meaning which overlaps arm of the sea. We did not mean to deprecate the River Plate's geological origin, and certainly not to rob the inhabitants of the area of their maritime, or brachiomaritime, status.

The Organization of American States is made up of 21 American nations—Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, the Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, the United States, Uruguay, and Venezuela. Dr. Alberto Lleras Camargo of Colombia is Secretary General; Dr. William Manger of the United States is Assistant Secretary General.

The work of the Organization of American States is carried out by the Inter-American Conference, which meets every five years in a different American capital; the Meetings of Consultation of Ministers of Foreign Affairs, which can be called by any State to study problems of a political nature, or when the peace and security of the continent are affected by a situation to which the Rio Treaty of Reciprocal Assistance is applicable; and the Specialized Conferences on technical aspects of cooperation. The permanent body representing the governments of the hemisphere is the Council of the Organization of American States, which meets in Washington at the Pan American Union building. This Council, composed of a representative from each of the 21 American States, has three technical organs—the Inter-American Economic and Social Council, the Inter-American Council of Jurists, and the Inter-American Cultural Council.

The Pan American Union not only acts as General Secretariat of the Organization, but also carries out many projects of international cooperation in the juridical, economic, social, and cultural fields within the spheres of the respective Councils. The General Secretariat helps in preparations for the Inter-American Conferences, acts as custodian of their documents and archives, serves as depository of instruments of ratification of inter-American agreements, and reports to the Council on the activities of the Organization. Besides AMERICAS, a monthly magazine on inter-American affairs, the Pan American Union also publishes the *Annals of the Organization of American States*, an official quarterly which records the documents of the Inter-American Conferences, the Meetings of Consultation, Council, and the other agencies of the organization.



